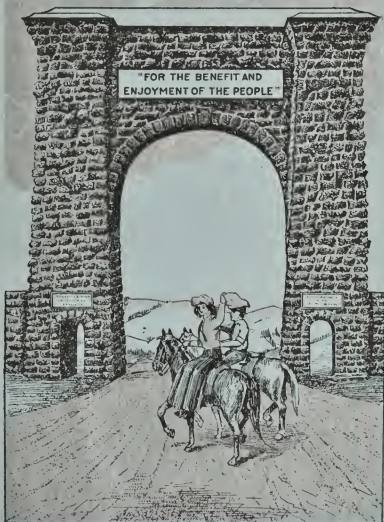








# SIX WEEKS ON HORSEBACK *through* YELLOWSTONE PARK









SIX WEEKS ON HORSEBACK  
THROUGH YELLOWSTONE PARK



SIX WEEKS ON HORSEBACK THROUGH  
YELLOWSTONE  
PARK

BY  
L. LOUISE ELLIOTT



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## PREFACE

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*It was my intention, when my husband and I joined the Rocky Mountain Camping Party for a six-week trip to and through the Yellowstone Park, to share the pleasure of that trip with my parents by writing every night a full account of what I had seen that day. I found, however, that I was usually too tired or too cold to write a long letter after we arrived at our camp, so I merely kept a diary. A large part of my diary was written while we were on the road and is scarcely legible.*

*I therefore decided to revise these letters.*

*In order to mould the tourists for my imaginary party I combined, at my own pleasure, the individual traits and characteristics of my camp companions as well as some of my own. The little love affair is fiction, but the camp episodes and jokes, the descriptions of weather and scenery, and the statistics are copied from my diary and are affectionately inscribed to my loving parents.*

*L. L. E.*



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## Six Weeks on Horseback Through Yellowstone Park

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Lander, Wyo., June 23, 1912.

Mrs. Chas. Chester,  
Cincinnati, O.

Mother dear: Your anxious letter was delivered this morning, and I am grateful to you for offering me the money to pay the expenses of the Yellowstone Park trip, but you will not need to make the sacrifice for me. I am going to take that delightful six-week trip on horseback with Professor and Mrs. White and it is not going to cost me a cent except for luxuries. Here is how it came about:—

Mr. Mack, the Guide of the Rocky Mountain Yellowstone Park Camp, asked Mrs. White in my presence if she knew of a young lady who would like to go as camp assistant, that is, to help the cook wash dishes, pare vegetables and the like. I could hardly keep from screaming right out: "Here's your camp assistant!" but I checked my enthusiasm and asked coolly: "What would you pay for such service?" "O," replied the Guide, "I couldn't pay anything; the lady would be getting her board and I'd have to furnish her with a pony and saddle. I charge the Dudes (Easterners) three hundred dollars for that trip." "Suppose the lady has her own pony and saddle, couldn't you furnish her a riding suit at least?" "Well," drawled the Guide, "I might give her fifteen dollars, that ought to get her a skirt and a pair of boots."

Mother, I forgot everything in my eagerness to take the one trip on all the earth I most desired; forgot my contracts with the Kinder's mothers; forgot that I ought first to get your consent and contracted right then and there for myself and my beautiful pony to join that camping party

and I got my fifteen dollars in advance, too. How Mrs. White did laugh at my scheming after Mr. Mack left.

The party is to be composed mainly of Easterners who learned of Mr. Mack's business through the advertisements he inserted in Eastern city papers. The Guide furnishes all necessities of camp, ponies for each tourist and board. Professor and Mrs. White, however, will travel in their own road buggy and will take an extra horse to help their ponies pull when the grade is steep.

Now my aristocrat Mother, please don't let the fact that I go as camp assistant trouble you. The duties will be very trifling, just the things that are real fun when one is camping out. Think of me merely as going with Professor and Mrs. White and a thoroughly competent guide on a most delightful trip to and through Yellowstone Park.

After Mr. Mack left I hurried over to see my chum, Miss Arnold, the primary teacher, and I dumped my summer Kindergarten right into her willing arms. So that is off my mind, although I have promised to help her get started. I am only waiting now for a night letter telegram from you, mother dear, giving your consent, before I purchase my camp clothes.

I have been inquiring for suitable rooms for our use when you come to Lander in September to keep house for me. I find that rooms for light housekeeping are very scarce here. The larger and more modern homes are occupied by their owners, who are not willing to let rooms. The rest of the houses are small and for the most part quite uncomfortable in winter.

This town is a queer mixture of the ancient and modern. It nestled under the mountain for more than thirty years, completely isolated from the rest of the world until the railroad came in 1906. The Indian traders, flock masters, trappers, ranchmen and merchants who lived here in the pioneer days were obliged to build as small and cheaply as pos-

sible, as you can imagine with the nearest railway station one hundred and twenty-five miles away.

It is really funny to see the Past hobnobbing with the Present as it does in this little town. In one certain block there is a primitive adobe home on the corner. The house is surrounded by an immaculate lawn and contains a recently added up-to-date bath. Next to the little adobe stands a frame cottage and next to that a small modern brick home, while on the corner is a log cabin. There was also in this same row when I came here a rag house, that is, a tent with partly boarded sides.

I shall continue inquiring and I dare say that I will succeed in finding just the rooms we need.

Our honorable School board paid me some flattering compliments on my year's work and asked how I would like to try eighth grade next term. Like it? Of course I shall, since it means a raise of ten per month to say nothing of the pretty corner room in the new High School building.

By the way, Mother, I forgot to tell you in my last letter that Clyde wrote that he was planning to spend his vacation out West and asked how I'd like to have him come to Launder. I wrote him today of my new plans for the summer and just to tease him I added that I thought he would enjoy spending his vacation in this delightful little Mountain town and I offered to give him a letter of introduction to my teacher chum and assured him that he would find her most companionable.

Dinner is ready so I must close.

Lovingly,  
Violet.

P. S. It is now nine o'clock and I am adding this post script to tell you of a delightful horseback ride our bachelor maid club, took immediately after dinner.

We rode to the Sinks, a natural curiosity, situated about eight miles from Launder. A great sheet of water goes tumbling down a rocky hill side over big boulders, forming little

foaming cascades and then enters a cave and is completely lost to view.

It is claimed by some that the chasm continues under and through the mountain, while others say that the wall of the cave is porous and that the water oozes through and thus forms the underground stream; however that may be, the river does come to the surface again about a quarter of a mile from the intake and in the opposite side of the canyon.

There is no visible opening or cave at the outlet and the water seems to ooze through the side of the mountain. Just at the outlet the water is very calm and looks quite like an ordinary pond, but a little farther on, where there is a drop



Intake, The Sinks, Lander, Wyo.

**"We rode out to the Sinks, a natural curiosity."**

in the grade, it becomes a wild mountain river again. It certainly is a very interesting freak of nature, and the ride through the canyon is delightful.

Tomorrow evening we are going to ride out to the oil wells. There are several of them only a few miles from Lander; most



of them are on lands which are leased from the Indians. One lake made by the overflow of the oil is to be burned tonight and I can imagine that it will be worth seeing. VI.



"Just at the outlet the water is very calm and looks like an ordinary pond."

Lander, June 27, 1912.

Dearest Mother: Your night letter was a happy disappointment. I was so afraid that you would be shocked at the thought of me, a Chester, wiping dishes for pay. It was certainly thoughtful of Mrs. White to write to assure you that she would take care of me and that she would see to it that I am not called upon to do any unpleasant tasks. Mr. Mack told her today that my chief duty will be to see that the wo-

men's belongings are ready for packing when he is ready to load the wagon each morning.

Last year one or other of the ladies of the party was always calling for her suit case after it was loaded on to the wagon so that she could put in some little article which she had forgotten, or else she would want the bedding unrolled again to see if her side comb or other toilet necessity had been rolled in with her blanket. Of course, such delays are very exasperating, especially when the Guide is anxious to reach a certain point in a given time. So, Mother mine, it is my duty to see that each lady has her belongings corralled when the men are ready to pull the tent ropes. I can imagine Sis saying when she reads this, "Won't Vi. be in her element? She'll have everybody's belongings all arranged and systematized to her heart's content." To be sure I will. No lost or left behind article of lady's apparel shall vex our Guide this year. Can't you picture our camp under your fussy daughter's management? That old pine you see in your mental picture is not a Christmas tree. Look closer and you can see the labels "This branch reserved for Miss A's hose, this twig for Mrs. B's switch, this knot-hole for Miss D's false teeth," etc. O, I'll deserve the reputation Sis always gives me for order and system.

I'm just wild to be starting. We are to see some grand scenery between Lander and the Park and will stop at two of the mountain lakes to fish. That is why some of the Easterners prefer joining the Lander parties to going by rail to Gardiner or Cody to go with the regular Park camp outfits for a short five or six day circuit.

My pony and I have been having some jolly practice rides and between times I have been helping Miss Arnold organize the kindergarten. Mrs. White has also been helping me get my camp wardrobe ready. Each lady may take but one suit case so there will not be room for many changes. We will travel in khaki riding skirt (divided, of course, for everyone rides astride out here) khaki shirt, high top boots,

gauntlet gloves, and Mexican straw hats. We shall carry Stetson hats for cooler weather. You should see how well I look in my Stetson.

Professor insists that we carry extra heavy under-garments in our suit cases, and woolen hose. It is perfectly ridiculous even to think of such clothing while the thermometer registers ninety plus. We tried to compromise on long-sleeve gauze, but he said he spent one summer in the mountains while out with a geology class and he does not want us to suffer with cold as he did that summer. The days were hot, but the early mornings and evenings were always cold. I suppose we'll have to give in and do as he wants for he threatens to carry a couple of suits of the scratchiest flannels he can get and says he will put them on us the first time we complain of being cold if we do not do as he advises. I don't suppose we shall ever take them out of our suitcases while on the trip.

We searched all through Lander's stores for tan or brown sweaters, but could find nothing with high collars except scarlet so we had to take those. I shall put my voile skirt and a couple of white waists into my case to wear when we take meals in the Park hotels.

Lander is to have a wild west celebration on the Fourth and so I am to have a jolly time before we leave. I wish you and Sis might be here to enjoy the celebration with me. They tell me it will be very exciting.

Poor foolish Clyde wrote me the frostiest letter in answer to my last. Says he has changed his mind about coming West and thinks now he will go to Sault St. Marie to spend his vacation. He added, casually, "You know Jessie Carr is up there this summer." I suppose he thought that would make me jealous. Doesn't know me yet, does he, Mamsey mine? If Jessie Carr can give him a good time this summer I most sincerely hope he will give her the opportunity. I certainly cannot give up my Park trip, not even for dear old Clyde.

How fortunate you were to get such good tenants for the home so soon. That fifty dollars a month will help out a good deal and now Sis can go on with her vocal lessons. Her soprano is certainly out of the ordinary and if she will only practice she will be able to do concert work after she graduates.

Wish I could see her stunning new traveling suit, though I am sure I should like your neat gray, for the purpose, much better.

Since you leave so soon, I will address my next letter to Buffalo. God grant you both a safe and happy journey.

Your affectionate

Violet.



"A score or more of Indians in gorgeous war bonnets."

Lander, Wyoming, July 5.

How I did enjoy the Fourth celebration, Mamsey mine. Next year you shall have opportunity to see a similar exhibition, but you will not get as much fun out of it as I did for you are a tender hearted little Puritan.

The first on the program was a street parade, headed by the Lander band. There were the usual floats and all were

exceptionally good because of the fact that a reward had been offered for the best. I was disappointed when the committee awarded the money to a couple of pretty women who rode in a phaeton decorated with paper flowers. It was pretty, of course, but had not cost nearly so much time or forethought as the Woodcraft float with its Goddess of Liberty, thirteen original colonies, and its real live goat. However, if I had the awarding to do I should have given the money to the taxidermist's float. It represented a forest scene with stuffed eagle, fawn, deer, elk, wild cat and wolf grouped prettily among some pines. The driver sat upon a large arm chair whose arms and legs were made of elk horns and whose seat and back were of skins. This taxidermist makes



Viewing the Street Parade.

similar chairs for Elk lodges all through the east.

The most interesting part of the parade for me were a score or more of Indians, very gorgeous in war bonnets, gay shirts, beaded vests, and with gandy silk handkerchiefs tied over their ears or around their necks. One big fellow, the proudest of all, reminded me of that old anthem, "and Solomon was not arrayed, was not arrayed," for this old Indian

had not a scrap of clothing on his back except a strip of bright calico fastened about his waist. His skin was stained and polished and he looked for all the world, like a statue of "Lo, the poor Indian" astride a horse.

The fat, greasy squaws followed after their proud bucks. They were a comical sight sitting astride their saddleless ponies. They wore ill-fitting blouses of bright cotton material, and their skirts were so skimpy that they had to wrap their gay shawls about their legs to hide them from public view. One of the younger squaws rode on an elegantly caparisoned horse and was beautifully attired in some kind of ceremonial dress, trimmed with shells and beads and elk teeth, for this Indian maid is the daughter of the late Chief Washakie, a lady of rank among the Shoshones.

I have been reading the history of Wyoming by Coutant and it is very interesting. The grand old chief Washakie was a very important character in the pioneer days and many a poor trapper's and prospector's life was saved by his intervention and warning.

I am enclosing a photograph of Mary Washakie as she looked in the procession, but it does not do the dress or saddle blanket justice, one needs to see the colors and the weaving to appreciate their beauty.

A long line of cowboys in soft felt hats, kerchiefs knotted loosely around the neck, long haired chaps and wide leather belts containing fierce looking revolvers, rode behind the squaws. Then followed forty or fifty so-called cow-girls in Stetson hats and tan skirts.

When the procession reached the centre of town the second time the marshal drove the people back to the walks and suddenly, without any warning, bedlam was turned loose. The Indians, whooping at the top of their voices, raced madly down the street, chased by the cowboys, who were yelling and shouting and shooting their revolvers. I was not expecting anything of the sort and really thought the Indians were on the warpath. Professor White laughingly

assured me that they would not scalp me and that it was no warlike uprising, but only a part of the prearranged program for the benefit of a moving picture show artist.

A ball game and an Independence day oration were scheduled for the same hour. Of course I considered it my duty to root for the Lander baseball team, while the elderly and more dignified folk were developing their intellects at the oration.



The Indian maid is the late Chief Washakie's grand-daughter.

Well, it was decidedly punk—the ball game, I mean, of course. Lander proudly claims two baseball stars, the great White Sox pitcher, Scott, and the left handed Lincoln pitcher, Farthing; but for home use she hadn't much to brag of this year.

After lunch there was a great hurrying and scurrying to secure seats in carry-alls, drays and automobiles so as to be on hand early to get good seats in the grand stand at the race track. Everybody and everybody's wife and baby go

to the races in Wyoming. If you tell Grandmother that I saw a minister of the Gospel stand up and shout until he was hoarse for his favorite horse she will think the entire state is on the road to perdition.

It is needless to tell you how I enjoyed the beautiful horses. Really, Mother, I cannot agree with Grandmother that racing is cruel when I see the horses seem to enjoy it and how very careful their grooms are of them. I shall not take time to tell you of the ordinary races.

A Chicago stock dealer offered a purse of fifty dollars to the winner of a girl's free-for-all race. This was not on the prearranged program and there had not been any entries made for it, consequently, it took some time to coax a sufficient number of girls to enter to make it interesting. At last eight girls were mounted, some on their own ponies, others on regular race horses. It was very interesting because I knew most of the girls. One of them was thrown; I feared she would be. She had no business to enter for she knows nothing about fast riding.

The great mob stopped yelling for their favorites only a moment then went right on cheering heartlessly before they had opportunity to see how badly the girl was hurt. Fortunately, she suffered no serious injury.

My pony came in third in a race last year and the committee tried to get me to enter him in the free-for-all pony race, but I did not want to run the risk of having him injured in any way lest I could not ride him to the Park.

The squaw race was comical. The fat things, with their feet clutching the ponies' sides, and their shawls slipping out and exposing their legs, jogged along serenely while the crowd jeered and hooted.

The male Indians demonstrated the proverbial obstinate persistence of their race in the purse race. A ponch containing five dollars was lightly buried in the dust of the track in front of the judge's stand. The riders were told to get the ponch without dismounting. The successful one then



must ride once around the track, while the other contestants gave chase and if they succeeded in overtaking him they had the privilege of wresting the purse from him.

It was great fun to see the half dozen solemn, silent Redskins dive, tussle, plunge and twirl in their saddles in their effort to get the purse from the ground.

They were in dead earnest, but never seemed to get excited or angry as their white friends would have done in a similar contest, and such patience! It was terribly risky, too. When one of them did succeed in leaning out of the saddle far enough to get his hand on the pouch, the rest crowded about him so closely that it seemed as if the poor fellow would surely be crushed and horribly bruised.

One old fellow with a long black braid over each shoulder worked as if his entire reputation and fortune were at stake, but a youngster of about sixteen finally succeeded in raising the money from the ground and was off down the track like mad. It did not take that old fellow with the braids long to regain his equilibrium and he was off hot-shod after the youngster almost before I had time to take in the situation.

Well, sir, just before he reached the judge's stand, that old patient, persistent Indian caught that youngster and held him back until the others came, and while they worried the boy's pony, the old man snatched the purse and rode to goal with it. The spectators groaned with disappointment; it did seem such a pity that the boy should lose the prize after working so hard for it, but he came out richer in the end, for one of the men in the grand stand passed his hat and collected a little more than eight dollars in small coins which he presented to the happy lad.

The bucking broncho outlaws made me hold my breath. They are horses which cannot be controlled and have to be thrown and blindfolded before they can be saddled. The rider mounts from another horse. The moment he touches the saddle, the outlaw is up in the air, bucking, twirling,

rearing and plunging. The rider dare not touch leather, that is to say, he must not, in any way, touch the saddle to keep himself from falling off.

An experienced horse breaker, or trainer, always rides along by the outlaw's side to be ready to help the rider dismount or to give him help if he needs it. Usually the broncho calms down after a few moments and gallops off down the field. Then when he begins to slow down, the rider slips over onto his assistant's saddle and a cowboy throws his lasso over the outlaw's head, then the saddle is jerked off without much trouble.

A young Landerite, familiarly called Stub, who has some Indian blood, nearly always wins the money. I do believe that young fellow would undertake to ride a wild tiger if anyone dared him or if he were offered a liberal purse for the feat.

The most exciting and unusual race of all was the wild horse race. Horses which had never felt the touch of leather in any way were driven into a corral and later onto the track. They were lassoed, thrown and blindfolded, then saddled and some of the more daring cowboys mounted them. When all were ready, the horses were released and then there was plenty of fun and excitement, I assure you. How those wild animals did rare and plunge! It's a miracle that no one was thrown or hurt. I heard one gentleman who is visiting the West for the first time say that it was worth the railroad fare from New York just to see that one race.

Some of the animals quieted down and their riders succeeded in getting them around the track and under the wire.

We had a glance back into the Pioneer days of Wyoming when an Indian stole a pony which was conveniently picketed near a group of cowboys who were supposed to be asleep. When the white men discovered their loss, they gave chase and recaptured the pony. Then the Indians captured one of the cowboys, after a great deal of chasing and shoot-

ing, and burned him at the stake and danced round and round the flames while their victim was being consumed by the fire. Women in the grand stand screamed and girls became hysterical while poor Stub was being burned alive, but the men only laughed, for they knew it was just a bit of clever acting. While the Indians were dancing in front of the pole to which Stub was tied he slipped out of the dummy, and, wrapping a blanket about him, joining the redskin dancers.

One number on the program seemed so cruel that it spoiled the rest of the program for me. They call it bull dogging a steer. A fine animal was driven to the track and a young man from Cheyenne, who is a professional bull dogger, rode after him. When he reached the steer's side, he jumped from his horse while that animal was going at a mad pace and grabbed the steer by the horns. Then he twisted and pulled the animal's head back until the beast fell to his knees.

It was a wonderful exhibition of a man's strength and agility as matched against that of a powerful dumb beast, but it was awful to see the imploring look in the poor steer's eyes as they bulged from their sockets. The steer simply has no chance whatever to defend himself and the performance is shamefully cruel and barbarous. I cannot see why the humane society permits it. Someone in authority should bar that Cheyenne lad from all future entertainments.

Between races some of the cowboys showed their skill with the lasso. It is wonderful how those young men can rope a horse, while he is on a full gallop, by the head, tail, or foot, at their own pleasure.

A little Indian boy entertained the crowd with his rope twirling. The little fellow managed the heavy rope-loop by short, quick wrist movements. It spun round and round while he jumped under and through it. He even lay down and got up again without losing a single revolution of his fast moving rope. He had his turn at the fun scrambling

for the nickels which were thrown to him from the stand when his performance was over.

At night the Indians gave their peculiar and weird dances on Main street under the arc lights, stopping every few minutes to pass a hat for coins just as the organ grinders do in the cities.

The Indian does not turn round and round or embrace a partner as his white brother does in his dances, but he slowly moves his feet along in a straight line a short distance and then back again, while his tense body moves upward and downward in time marked by the constant noise of a drum and the monotonous crooning of the squaws. Sometimes the dancers advance on the balls of their feet in short, hop-like steps, again they bend the knees and move the body up and down, keeping the trunk and arms perfectly rigid.

In their wolf dance, some of the braves crouch on the ground while others advance stealthily forward in long, cat-like glides, bodies bent forward, and circle round the crouching Indians. These crouching fellows, I suppose, represent the prey.

Many of the dancers are almost nude and have their bodies painted in gay colors, others wear war bonnets and drape white sheets about their bodies. You can imagine what a weird picture they make under an arc light at night.

In most of the dances the squaws form an outer circle and bob up and down, or move their feet, one after the other, to one side while they keep up a constant crooning, or a weird, monotonous song.

I had thought because of the stolid expression of their faces that the Indians had no sense of humor, but I know now that they enjoy a joke as well as we do. While the Indians are dancing, their white spectators crowd around them as closely as they can to get a good view. Whenever a number of the more genteel-looking men of the audience chanced to be standing in the front ranks near to the dancers, the male Indians stepped out of the ring and the squaws

grouped themselves in the centre and began to dance. They moved slowly and solemnly toward the onlookers and, when they were near enough, they grabbed an unsuspecting white man and drew him into the ring.

Of course, the crowd jeered and laughed while the wily squaw pinned her victim's arms down with her own strong ones and made him dance until he promised to produce a coin. The western men knew of this trick of the squaws and are on their guard, so it is usually some unsuspecting tenderfoot who is the victim.

Our crowd of jolly bachelor maids threw confetti, shot at the street fakir's targets, and had pecks of fun on the street while the foot racers were getting ready, but I am so tired from the effect of celebrating that I simply cannot push my pen any longer and you must guess the rest.

O, I forgot to tell you, the date set for our Park trip is the fifteenth. We were obliged to postpone it a week to accommodate two of the Easterners.

I enjoy helping Miss Arnold with the Kinder so much that I have decided to take special training in kindergarten methods and to give up grade work after this year.

Had another letter from Clyde. His heart has melted toward me again and now he wants to join our park party, but fears his uncle will not consent to give him so long a vacation. Really, Mother, I hope he won't. Clyde has always taken me too much for granted. I think it is always so when young people grow up together in the same neighborhood.

I never told you before, Mamsey dear, my chief reason for coming West to teach. It was because I wanted to be so far away from Clyde that he could not run in to see me every little while. I wanted a chance to analyze my feelings toward him and I wanted him to have opportunity to go with other girls. That is why I told him I would not accept his ring for two years.

I suppose you are enjoying a peaceful night on the water and will be in Buffalo when this reaches that city.

Give my love to Grandmother, Uncle Harold, and Sis, and keep a big share for yourself.

Sleepily, your daughter,  
Violet.

P. S. I had some bad luck with my camera but if any of the parade pictures are good I will send them to you when I have them printed.

Vi.

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Lander, Wyo., July 7, 1912

Mother Lover:

The long letter I wrote Sis yesterday will do for you both so I'll just write a few lines today to set your mind at rest. Such an anxious little letter it was that I received from you today and by way of reply, I do hereby most solemnly swear to place into my suit case the heaviest suit of underwear that I can purchase in this town, also two pairs of warm hose.

You can also trust me not to permit our guide to impose such heavy duties upon me as to make life in camp a burden to me. Furthermore, I promise not to be so exacting with the ladies in our party that they will dislike me. I always supposed my mother gave me credit for a good stock of tact and common sense, but the letter I received today does not sound like it. You simply cannot help worrying, can you, Mother mine?

The Boston Spinster arrived last night. Mr. Mack asked Mrs. White to call on her and I went, too. We found her unpacking a large trunk full of dinner gowns, street suits and riding clothes. She was bitterly disappointed when we told her she could take only enough to fill one suit case and that the swell gowns must stay in Lander.

"But I intend to take meals at the hotels," she replied,

"and I must take at least one dinner gown, and I shall want one good street suit to wear evenings in camp."

That woman hasn't the slightest idea of what camping out means and I fear she will wish herself back in her elegant apartment in Boston long before we reach the Park.

Mr. Mack advised her to come to Lander ahead of the rest of the party to get used to the western ponies and the higher altitude. I promised to take her for a long ride this afternoon and I wager she will take her breakfast from some elevated table in the morning so that she will not need to sit down. She says she has been riding the most "beautiful pacer," on the "de-ar-est little English saddle, don't you know," but she'll find riding a broncho on a rough mountain road somewhat different from trotting easily on a boulevard.

I am trying hard to think that I shall like the Boston Spinster, but I fear we shall find her exacting and egotistical. She informed me that she has an elegant home in Boston, keeps three servants and travels a great deal.

Mrs. White and I will look very cheaply attired in our khaki skirts by the side of the Spinster in her handsome broadcloth suit. She has boots, gloves, blouses, hats and ties for each suit. When we were comparing the Boston lady's outfit with our own Professor White said: "Wait till we have been out a week and see who looks the swellest."

The Kinder are dear and say the cutest things. I help Miss Arnold an hour each morning and if ever I prided myself on my ability as a teacher, those little tots are rapidly relieving me of my egotism.

Yesterday I undertook to teach one of the youngest of the class the proper use of the pronoun *me*. She said, "Me wants to play wiv blocks." "Say I, dear," I corrected, "me isn't correct." A few minutes later the little girl, remembering my criticism, said, "Give it to I." "No, no, Lucille," I said, "say me this time. Sometimes it is right to say me, you know." She looked puzzled, studied on what I had told

her a moment and then asked, "Tomorrow will it be right to say me?"

Our ten mile ride to the coal mines yesterday did not tire me in the least, so you see I am getting toughened all right for the six week ride.

Mamsey, dear, I am enclosing Clyde's last letter. It is such a tender little missive that I want you to see it. Really, I did not know he had so much sentiment in his makeup. I shall not send him the photograph he asks for. The group picture of our club will have to do at this time, for him, but I am sending you one I had taken yesterday on my pretty pony. If Grandmother likes it, I will send her one also.

There's a knock—a caller, I suppose.

Later.

It was Mrs. Mack. She brought me two long sleeve aprons. She said she didn't suppose a school teacher would think of such things, and she was right, I should not have thought to take anything to protect my riding skirt when I wash dishes.

How shocked Clyde was when I told him I was going to earn my way, and, of course, it was good of him to offer to lend me money, but it made me angry, just the same. I'd rather stay at home than to use his earnings. The poor lad might have to do with fewer tan gloves and made-to-order boots if I did.

I am so glad you enjoyed the Lake trip so much and that you found Grandmother so well. She must not set you to worrying again for Professor and Mrs. White will take just as good care of me as if I were their own daughter. Grandma cannot get used to the fact that I was twenty-one my last birthday, and am quite able to take care of myself.

The following is a list of postoffices where I shall expect to get letters or cards from you and Sis. Address a letter to me very soon to Wind River Indian Agency, Wind River, Wyoming. Then in the following order:

1, Dubois, Wyo.; 2, Moran, Wyo.; 3, Snake River Station,



Yellowstone Park; 4, Lake Hotel, Yellowstone Park; 5, Mammoth Springs, Yellowstone Park; 6, Canyon Hotel, Yellowstone Park; 7, Old Faithful, Yellowstone Park; 8, Moran, Wyo. (for the return trip); 9, Jackson, Wyo.; and 10, Pinedale, Wyo. Of course, I shall not be able to send mail regularly, postoffices between here and the Park are so far apart.

Hastily yours,  
Vi.

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Camp Washakie, July 18, 1912.

Here we are, Mamsey darling, in our first camp. We are delightfully located with our tents and tepees under the trees on the bank of the Little Wind River, near the Post, not far from the Shoshone Indian Agency.

The river is one of those clear, turbulent mountain streams which I love so much. I shall always feel out of patience with the lazy quiet brooks we have in the Central States after this.

This stream is a branch of the Big Wind, which was so named by the Indians who are always practical in the matter of names. They noticed a strong current of wind coming down the river from the northwest and that it is quite prevalent. It comes from the gap between the Shoshone and the Wind River Ranges.

The Post was formerly a military station and is situated between the Agency and the Indian schools. It was, at one time, a gay place, as all military posts are. There still remain here a shabby hotel, a couple of well stocked stores, a blacksmith shop and some houses occupied by government employees.

According to the original plan we were to remain in this camp a week, but the Spinster and the man from New York are already getting restless and want to move on. The rest of us want to take some more baths in the hot springs which are located beyond the school.

Our Guide had quite a disappointment the day before we left Lander. The two teachers in Philadelphia wired that they had changed their vacation plans and would not join the Yellowstone party. It cheats our Guide out of five hundred dollars which he had counted on. He had made a reduction in his regular price of one hundred dollars because the two were coming together. Next year contracts will have to be signed and a cash deposit made before tourists come West. A disappointment of this sort would have made almost any other man blue, but Mr. Mack is as cheerful and good natured as if he had two extra passengers instead of two less than he expected.

The Spinster and the New Yorker, a chronic dyspeptic, were as anxious as the rest of us to take the baths at first, for the waters are said to possess remarkable curative powers, but it costs a little effort to ride the four miles every morning and, too, the bath house is a mere dirty shed, which stands right out in the hot sun. The springs are owned by the Indians, which fact accounts for their neglected state. After the second bath our Easterners decided they were not receiving enough benefit to warrant the effort it cost. They loll around in the shade and grumble while Professor and Mrs. White and I ride over for a daily plunge. I have also been exploring the nearby canyons and have visited the Indian school.

It is terribly hot during the day, but most delightfully cool at night and how I do sleep in the tent! I get up feeling so refreshed and vigorous. My bed is a canvas cot, but the Spinster sleeps on a pneumatic mattress, which she informs everybody cost twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents in Boston.

She and I occupy the same tent and the young lady who arrives from Omaha tomorrow will also have a cot in our tent. The men each have tepees and sleep on light mattresses on the ground.

The general merchandise store here has the finest collec-

tion of Indian goods I ever saw and we have all invested in the souvenirs. The Spinster bought so many beaded belts, purses, and war clubs, to give to her Boston friends, that she could not get them into her suit case and has sent them by stage to Lander. Isn't it nice to have plenty of money so one can remember all one's friends?

This letter certainly puts the cart before the horse. I should have begun with a description of our trip from Lander to the Post. Here goes:

We left Lander at three o'clock Monday afternoon and first set foot on the Shoshone Reservation when about four miles from our starting place. Just the other side of the Reservation boundary we came to Milford, which consists of a small group of houses and a church. Just across the bridge at Milford is a little spring of delicious water covered with cress. Here I discovered a new remedy for your chronic winter hoarseness. The Dyspeptic had taken a cold on the train and was quite hoarse. After he had eaten some of the cress we noticed a decided improvement in his voice so he ate more of it and, strange to say, he lost all of his hoarseness before we reached the Post. You must try this remedy this fall, Mother. .

The ride over the Reservation was most disappointing. I had expected to see it literally dotted with Indian tepees and huts. Instead it was one long stretch of sage brush and sandy soil, as lonely a tract of land as I ever care to see. We passed but one Indian and saw no tepee until we drew near the Agency.

The men of our party had each bought game licenses and carried guns. The Wyomingites got their licenses for two and one half dollars, but the New Yorker had to pay fifty for his. They bought the kind which gives them the privilege of shooting large game as well as fowl. The season for the large game does not open until the first of September, but we expect to stay out until about the fifth.

Professor offered me the use of his gun and wanted to buy

a license for me, but ever since I succeeded in hitting that poor little squirrel a year ago, and saw him roll down the hill in a pathetic little ball I have no desire for that sort of sport. Hereafter the only target at which I shall point a gun will be some inanimate object.

We saw a flock of sage hens when we were within a mile of the agency. The bold rascals hopped and flew along ahead of us for several rods. You know a white man is not allowed to hunt on the reservation. Mr. Mack said, "Now if it was not so near the Agency, if it was only on the lonesome road two or three miles back, we'd have to shoot those beggars because they might get too bold and pick our eyes out." "Goodness gracious!" cried the Spinster, who had been riding ahead of the wagon, "if they are dangerous. I am going to get in and ride with you."

Our two Easterners take everything that is said so literally. Are all who live in the east so slow? I never noticed that our Buffalo relatives were any slower witted than we Ohioans are, but perhaps I would notice a difference in even my own neighbors now since I have been living in Wyoming. (I can see Lil's eyes snap fire while she reads my comparison.)

Well, we reached our camping place at seven after quite a trying ride in the heat and dust. I was just a wee bit tired but the Spinster had a head-ache and the Dyspeptic was as cross as two sticks. Professor and his little wife stood the trip remarkably well, because they have a top to their easy riding buggy.

Mr. Mack said, "Now you folks stretch out on blankets while I take care of the horses and hoist the tents and Joe gets supper." In a few minutes we heard Joe shout, "Come and get it," which I learned is the regular camp call to meals.

It did not take us long to wash the dust from our faces and hands in the creek and to be on hand with our granite plates and cups for the sandwiches, sauce, cookies and tea

that our Cook had prepared, nor did it take long after supper to tumble into bed.

The Spinster is sitting near me as I write, grumbling because Joe's biscuits gave her indigestion. The first two days we fared well on Mrs. Mack's bread, baked chicken, salad, and cookies; but since that has all been eaten and our Cook has had to prepare all the food it is quite different and there is considerable complaining by both the Spinster and the Dyspeptic. Poor Dyspeptic, if he does not soon get the camp appetite he will get so thin he'll blow away. His diet now consists mainly of crackers and tea.

Here I am talking about the Dyspeptic just as if you had always known him. It is time I introduce him to you. He is the junior partner in a large mercantile establishment. He is not quite thirty, I think, and would be very good-looking if his mouth did not droop so at the corners. He has been a widower for nearly three years, which may account for some of his moods.

Joe, the cook, also has his moods, especially before breakfast. If our Guide were not such a clever balance-wheel, I fear we'd have some very uncomfortable scenes in camp, but he bubbles over with good nature and it is contagious. Everything seems to please him. If the biscuits are dough in the middle and charred on the outside, he smiles and says: "Just the way I like 'em." If someone complains about the weather and asks: "Isn't it awfully hot?" he cheerfully replies, "It's just the way I like it." Mrs. White and I have adopted that expression as one of our camp slogans.

I am not able to get much companionship from Mrs. White on the road because she is not strong enough to ride horseback much and travels in the buggy with Professor. Joe and our Guide are out through the day skirting the country for horses to ship to Eastern markets, and the Spinster and Dyspeptic remain in camp and hold indignation meetings or brag of the superiority of the East, so I feel rather cut

off from society and usually trail along behind Professor's buggy by myself.

I can scarcely wait to see what the Omaha girl is like. She and I will almost be forced to be companions even if we are not thoroughly congenial, but I do hope she'll be the right sort.

Here comes the Dyspeptic. I wonder if he is growing tired of the Spinster's company. Twice today he joined me when I started out on my pony. He is sitting down beside me now so I may as well stop my scribbling.

Give my love to all.

Your loving daughter,  
Violet.

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Camp Bull Lake Creek, July 24, 1912.

Dearest Mother:

I see very plainly that my letters to you, from now on, must be very irregular because of the fact that the post-offices are so far apart. Do not worry if at any time you should not hear from me for two or three weeks. It will simply mean that we have remained for several days in a camp which is a long distance from a postoffice.

I see, too, that when we move our camp every day there will be times when I shall be too tired to write. Mr. Mack aims to get the tent up by five-thirty each day, but when we travel over rough roads we shall not be able to reach a suitable camping place as early as that.

From now on we aim to leave the night camp before eight A. M. We will stop near good drinking water at noon, or as soon after as we can, to lunch. I dare say we shall want to retire very early after the long days in the saddle.

I am writing this while waiting for the men to return with the horses. My pony is such a wanderer that we are obliged to keep him picketed at night. Last night he broke his rope and coaxed the hobbled horses to wander away with him. I fear they will have difficulty in finding them.

Hereafter, I think, I shall just scribble my letters to you in diary form and whenever we come to a postoffice I'll put them into an envelope and send them out. Please save them all for me, as I shall keep no other diary.

Now I'll begin back at Camp Washakie so you will not lose any part of the trip.

Maud, the girl from Omaha, arrived as expected, and the Spinster and the Dyspeptic were for moving on at once. They said they were anxious to get off the Reservation so they could fish, but our new tourist did not hesitate, in the least, to show us, strangers though we were, that she is one who will have her way when she feels it is due her.

One of the paragraphs in the contracts reads that the tourists are to have the privilege of taking baths in the famous Washakie Hot Springs one week, if they so desire. Maud said she had not spent a whole afternoon in the shops of Omaha searching for a bathing suit to fit her to be cheated out of the use of it.

Mr. Mack was glad of the opportunity of remaining a little longer at the Post that he might close a certain horse deal, so he said he guessed he'd have to abide by the contract. Monday would be a better day for moving anyway.

I was not sorry to remain a couple of days longer in that delightful camp, besides it would give me more time to study the Indian in his home and as he really is. I found the Red Man in actual life very different from the Indian of poetry.

Much is said and written about Uncle Sam's unjust treatment of the poor Indian. Really, Mother, if you could see the lazy, filthy fellows in their tepees, as I have, when they might be cultivating the fertile soil Uncle Sam has given them, you'd feel quite as disgusted with them as I am.

But it is time I should introduce Maud to you. It is not necessary to tell her nationality if I mention the fact that her surname is O'Brien. She is a typical Irish beauty, too; tall and plump, with those beautiful, big, blue eyes one so

often sees in the Irish belle. Her cheeks and lips are rubies and her teeth are pearls. It did not take me long to discover that she possesses not only the proverbial wit of her nation, but the quick temper as well.

I suspect our new friend is a confirmed coquette, but, for all that, I like her for her big, unselfish heart and her fund of good humor. In fact we have already become good camp chums.

Mr. Mack said last night when Maud apologized for a rude remark, "Never mind, girl, you're just the kind I like. We needed you. You're the life of the crowd." And so she is; she has kept me laughing till my sides ache.

The Spinster whispered aside to me that she thought Maud was a trifle coarse, and the Dyspeptic said, "The girl puzzles me. She is so different from the young ladies of New York, you know." Professor and Mrs. White said they thought Maud all right for a camp friend but they were not quite sure they would care to cultivate her friendship at home.

Professor's verdict of our new friend is just what yours would be, Mother mine, but I—well, I like her. But you should see how she flirts with the Dyspeptic just to tease the Spinster, and she, poor maiden lady, is not sharp enough to see through it.

Maud had not been with us a day before she adopted the slow Eastern drawl and the "dawn't you know." She treats the eccentricities of the Dyspeptic, the moods of our Cook, and the whims of the Spinster as jokes, but there is one thing she cannot endure and that is the everlasting bragging the Spinster does about her set in Boston and her elegant home.

The very first night when we went to our tent to retire, the Spinster pretended to feel sorry for Maud because she did not have an air mattress to sleep on, and told that it cost twenty-eight dollars and a half. She does not pity me when I have to sleep on an ordinary cot because, no



doubt, she thinks that plenty good enough for a camp assistant.

By the way, Mother mine, so far my duties have consisted in making one cake, and in looking after the beds in our tent. I offered to pare potatoes and to wash dishes, but Joe would not let me help him in any way. "Law sakes, Miss Chester," he said, "do yon think I'd let a high born school ma'am soil her fingers like that?" "But Joe," I said, "if I marry a poor man, as I probably shall, I shall have to do more to soil my hands than merely to pare vegetables." "Time enough then," he replied. I actually feel ashamed not to be doing more for my board.

At five-thirty, Monday morning, we were awakened by a loud drum on the dish pan and our Guide crying, "All aboard for Bull Lake!" In two hours our first camp was torn down and tents and tepees packed and we were on our way to camp No. 2.

It was a glorious morning and everyone was in high spirits. It was a little too early in the day for Joe to be in a sociable mood, so he took the lead, Maud and the Dyspeptic followed, then came the Spinster and I. The Professor's buggy and the wagon were the last in the procession. After we had gone two or three miles, Maud wearied of the Dyspeptic's company, so she came back to me, and the Spinster spurred her horse and joined the New Yorker.

The first part of our ride was over the flat sage brush country of the Indian Reservation with no ranch houses or tepees in sight. Later we came upon a high rolling table land with a fine view of the Rockies eight or ten miles distant. It looked beautiful to me, but Maud said, "My, what a desolate looking country! I'd hate to have to be buried here." "How can yon think this desolate," I asked, "with those magnificent mountains in sight?" "That's just it," she replied, "They give me a creepy, lonesome feeling." The sun shone hot as we rode but I can imagine how the bleak piercing winds blow over that table-land in the winter.

We passed just two men on that twenty-mile ride; a young man I had met in Lander who was looking for a stray horse, and the stage driver.

As we neared our second camping place, we reached the Big Wind River, one of the wildest mountain streams in the state. It was bordered by a thick growth of small trees on one bank and by a high bluff on the other. That was the third distinct type of landscape we had seen in a few hours.

In one place, the narrow road wound up a very steep hill at whose base Big Wind rushed madly in its course. Maud was resting in the wagon and Professor and I had changed places and I was driving. I called to him when we reached the foot of the hill to ask if he wouldn't drive, but he shouted back, "Stay where you are, the ponies never balk and you are lighter than I am. Put the brake on when you are half way up and let the ponies rest."

I drove the team slowly, but I did not enjoy the prospect of driving up that perilous climb. We had stopped to rest the team half way up and as I started them again I remarked to Mrs. White that I was glad that the ponies were so reliable, when horrors! both single-trees snapped in two. They must have been checked and the strain of starting on the steep grade was too much for them. I had presence of mind enough to press the brake with my foot and to shout "whoa;" fortunately both the brake and the horses responded instantly. If the brake had failed to clamp or if the ponies had become excited we should certainly have been plunged over that precipice into the mad river below.

I held the reins firmly and told Mrs. White to get out as quietly as possible and to get hold of the bridles. Then I got out, and as I did so I noticed that one of the rear wheels was at the very brink of the precipice. I trembled to think of what a single backward move of the ponies would have cost us.

I unhitched the tugs and by that time Professor had come back to see why we were so long climbing the hill. "Well,"

he said, "You are two level headed women, but the fellow who sold me those single trees ought to be horse-whipped." Then Mrs. White and I sat out in the hot noon-day sun and watched the ponies while Professor rode on to get the single trees from Mr. Mack's wagon.

It was a long and uncomfortable wait because the men decided to go on two miles to the Bull Lake Creek, where they intended to camp over night. There they unfastened the single-trees from the wagon and came back on horse-back for the disabled buggy.

Our faces were blistered and so were those of the rest of the party, but Mrs. White's little wonder bag came to the relief of the party. A liberal coating of ointment took out the smart in a few minutes.

After the tents were raised and lunch eaten, we women lay down to rest while Professor and our Guide went off in search of single-trees. We did not get much rest, however, for the mosquitoes were feasting on our hands and faces and the heat was intense. I hope we shall not have to camp in so uncomfortable and dusty a spot again.

As there was no town within several miles of camp, the only hope for single-trees lay in the ranches, but they, too, were few and far apart; the nearest one was five miles from camp.

According to our Guide's original plan we were to have gone about three miles farther to Bull Lake, but we learned later that it is almost impossible to get a wagon into the lake and so it was well we had not made the attempt.

It was so hot in the tent that we took our blankets and went down to the creek bank, where we lay under the trees, but did not stay there long, because the mosquitoes were so thick and active. Then we went back and lay under the wagon. I finally fell into a doze, but was soon awakened by the Spinster, who was grumbling about the heat and hoping that our Guide would move on even if they did not succeed in fixing up the buggy. "But it would not be kind to leave

Professor and Mrs. White," said Maud. "It's not our fault that they had the accident," she retorted. "We can go on and when we reach a town we can send someone back with some single-trees."

Joe was calling, "Come and get it," when Professor and our Guide returned carrying the queerest single-trees I ever saw. They were unpainted and clumsy, having been used on an old mowing machine, but they were the only ones to be had in this vicinity. We were grateful to have the clumsy things for now we would be able to leave our unpleasant camp in the morning.

I was anxious to see Bull Lake, so after our early supper Maud and I, with Joe as guide, rode over. It is a pretty little body of water and its fringe of trees was reflected in the clear mirror.

While we were resting, Joe told us the Indian superstition concerning this lake. The Red Men believe that a huge serpent makes its home in the lake and, for years, they would not come near it, but now some of the younger and less superstitious of them do visit the lake and fish there.

When the sun went down it became delightfully cool, but the mosquitoes nearly drove us frantic till Joe kindled a fire and made a smudge. Poor Maud was a sight; her face was blistered and was full of lumps where the mosquitoes had bit her, but she was as good natured as ever. Her good nature was contagious and even the Dyspeptic got off his high dignity. When the Spinster arranged her blanket on the wagon seat which he had placed near the fire and spread herself out on it selfishly, but comfortably, Maud whispered to the New Yorker and dared him to upset her. He said in his deliberate drawl, "Did you say no tips in camp, Miss Maud?" With that he took hold of the wagon seat and before we realized his intent, our aesthetic Bostonian was turning a back somersault. I never should have believed it of our very proper New York gentleman.

We all laughed, of course; all but the poor Spinster, and

she went into the tent and cried. She doesn't deign to look at the very penitent Dyspeptic this morning.

Good! Here come the men with the horses. I began to fear we would have to stay longer in this uncomfortable place. It is so dirty because there is no grass; nothing but sage brush, sand and mosquitoes. Sakes alive; there's a stranger with them, and how we girls do look with our red noses!



"All ready to leave Bull Lake Camp."

The J. K. Ranch Camp, Wed., July 24.

Here we are at our third camp, Mother dear. We arrived at noon and I am now sitting in the shade near the ranch house while I write. The men are down at the blacksmith shop trying to fix up some single-trees for Professor's buggy, and Mand and the Spinster are in the house talking to the ladies.

We were awakened this morning by our Guide crowing like a cock, and Joe calling in a surly manner, "Come and get it." The men were anxious to get an early start so we girls got into our clothes in a hurry.

We were out of bread, so could have no toast, and Joe made

flapjacks. He's really a famous hand at it, too. When the cake is done on one side, he gives the griddle a sudden jerk, and up goes the cake and down again squarely into the pan; all turned and ready for the finishing heat. You know I seldom eat griddle cakes at home, but in camp, when they're covered with syrup, they taste really good.

Even the Dyspeptic tried a couple, but the Spinster was so disappointed at not having toast that she sputtered and fussed. Joe muttered and said bad words under his breath and there was no knowing what would have happened if Maud, diplomatic girl that she is, hadn't said, "Gracions, Miss Boyd, you don't know what's good. There isn't a chef in the swellest hotel of Boston who could turn out such delicious cakes as Joe's."

The rest of us echoed Maud's praises and Joe's wrath was appeased. I tremble though, for some time that grumbler is going to get on Joe's nerves and he'll leave us cold without a cook.

Say, Mamsey, the New Yorker isn't so small after all. When we arrived here this noon he asked Mr. Mack what kind of meals these ranch people serve. Our Guide replied that they keep a road house and are always prepared for transients. "Suppose, then," said the New Yorker, "that we try sitting at table in an in-door dining room once more. I really fear I shall forget all I ever knew of table etiquette. Come, we'll call it my treat."

We had come at an inopportune time and had a very disappointing meal. It was wash day and the young daughter had hastily prepared a meal of canned corn, boiled potatoes and bacon; with poor biscuits and canned peaches for dessert. We had our palates all ready for fresh vegetables, meat and pie. They taxed our friend fifty cents a plate, and very little did he eat. In fact we all declared camp canned goods tasted much better.

This is a large ranch and a pretty one. It seems all the more beautiful because it is the first cultivated place we have

seen since leaving the Post and goes to prove what can be made of the sage brush land. Of course, the land has to be irrigated and Uncle Sam is building large irrigating ditches on the Reservation, but I am told that very few full-blood Indians cultivate their homesteads. The improved farms are nearly all owned by breeds or squaw men, that is to say, white men who married Indian women.

Professor jokingly said that if Mrs. White had rolled into the river when the single-tree broke he would have married a squaw with several children, then he could have had a homestead for each one and would irrigate the land and turn it into an immense stock ranch.

The most interesting thing to me between Bull Lake Creek and this ranch is Crow Heart Butte. I will send you a picture of it. You must remember the interesting bit of Indian history I am about to write so you can tell it to friends when you show the photograph.

This butte stands out alone on a sage brush flat and can be seen for a long distance. The picture I shall send was taken from a distance of five miles. I am hoping it will be good enough in its details to give you an idea of what the sage looks like in this country.

The Crows, I am told, were a cruel, troublesome tribe and made war upon the Shoshones. It was agreed between the two tribes that if ever a battle were waged in which one chief succeeded in capturing the other, the winner should cut the heart from his captive's body and eat it.

The Shoshones succeeded in driving the Crows behind this lonely butte. There they surrounded them and captured their enemy's chief. The Shoshone chief, Washakie, then had him carried to the highest point of the Butte, where he carved his oppressor's heart from his body and ate it. Since that the scene of the massacre has been called Crow Heart Butte.

Dear me, here comes the Dyspeptic, and I did want to finish this letter this afternoon.



"Here on top of Crow Heart Butte Washakie cut out his enemy's heart and ate it."

The J. K. Ranch Camp, Thursday.

We are still in the ranch pasture. Heat and mosquitoes are bad, but we have one consolation in the fact that we were able to buy two loaves of very good bread. We asked the rancher's wife to bake six loaves for us and she did so, but an auto-load of unexpected guests who remained at the ranch over night ate all but the two loaves.

We stay here today because Professor was not able to make anything which would take the place of the broken single-trees. He has phoned to Lander to the stage driver to bring a pair to Dubois tomorrow.

All of us ladies have been wearing large straw hats, that is, all excepting Maud, and she has only her warm Stetson, so she told Professor to order the stage driver to bring her a cheap hat for shade. She hopes it will be one of the large Mexican hats, like mine, because they are so soft and can be easily tied down with a veil or scarf when we ride in a wind.

The Spinster has been entertaining the ranch ladies with descriptions of her Persian rugs, her mahogany furniture, and her bean-ti-ful pacer. She hasn't forgotten to mention her comfortable twenty-eight and one-half dollar air mat-



tress. Maud whispered, "That 'noomatic' is getting on my nerves and I am desperately afraid that something is going to happen to it."

I haven't told you about the man our Guide brought to the Bull Lake camp. He is well acquainted with the young man, whose father is a farmer near Lander, and so he invited him to join our party. Young Preston was on his way with saddle pony and pack horse to accept a position on the concrete dam the government is building about eight miles from Boise, Idaho. He will travel in our company as far as Moran and will there go across to the Jackson Trail to Boise.

We are delighted to have Mr. Preston a member of our party. He is a genial young man and such a capital hand with the horses and in handling the tents that I fear our Guide will miss him greatly when he leaves us. Maud will miss him, too, if their friendship continues to develop as rapidly as it has begun.

I wish you might see his queer looking pack outfit. There is a wooden saddle, or yoke affair, which is strapped on the horse first, then the tepee, bedding, extra clothing, and food are all made up into as small a package as possible and rolled into a tarpaulin and fastened to the wooden rigging. Mr. Preston ties his coffee pot, frying pan, ax and fish pole to the outside of the pack. It makes quite a picturesque outfit. The old pack horse jogs along serenely behind the saddle pony. I neglected to mention that the canned food, the tin plate and cup, and the cutlery are all kept in a double compartment canvas bag.

The Dyspeptic seems a trifle jealous that Maud gives so much time to the new man, and now that the Spinster still remembers the spectacle he caused her to make of herself, and ignores him, he is forced to seek my company a bit often—than I enjoy.

The Spinster says the new man was a God-send for he has a large bottle of vile smelling stuff that he calls citronella, which he very generously lets us rub on our faces

and hands to keep the mosquitoes away. It works like a charm and we can forgive and forget the unpleasant odor in our great relief from the little pests. If there is a peculiar odor to my stationery, you may know that I have recently bathed in citronella.

There is the call to supper, then to bed early in order to be up for an early start in the morning. We are all anxious to get to Dubois as it is the first postal station we have had opportunity to reach since leaving the Post. My! I do hope you will have a letter waiting for me there.

Tell Grandmother I never was in better health and wish she could see how I eat.

Lovingly,  
Violet.



A Suspended Passenger Ferry.

Camp Big Wind River, Friday, 7-26.

I was too tired last night when we reached camp to write a line in this letter diary. We are spending this entire day resting so I have ample time to write.

Since I promised to take you over the route, Mother mine, I shall have to go back on this page to the J. K. Ranch.

We were not at all sorry to leave that camp because of the heat and mosquitoes through the day and the annoyance the rancher's horses gave us at night. But our horses had all the hay and grain they could eat and are in excellent condition for the hard pulls just ahead of us. The horse board bill has been no small item to our Guide as there has been practically no grazing since we left the Post, and oats cost a heap in this country.

Beyond the J. K., we passed several cable ferries strung across the river. The ranchmen living near the stream, not having bridges, fasten a strong wire to a tree or pole, with a pully attached. They stretch it over the river to a similar pole on the opposite side. A box is suspended from the wire and is used in transporting mail and packages across the water.

Some of the ferries are large and strong enough to carry passengers. It was really funny to see a man and a woman seated in one of these elevated ferries, suspended over the wild river, and slowly advancing toward the opposite shore as the man pulled on the wire, hand over hand.

Sometimes, when the snows of the mountains melt rapidly, the river becomes so treacherous it cannot be forded, and the farmers have to depend entirely on the little ferries for their communication with the world on the opposite side of the stream.

When we had traveled about eight miles over the hot sage brush country, we came to the Crow Heart Indian School. It is so called because it is not far from and is in view of the Crow Heart Butte. The school is a small one and is largely attended by the children of mixed blood who live on nearby ranches.

The heat, dust and the monotony of the scenery yesterday tested the dispositions and physical endurance of our party as no previous day had done. If you ever doubted that your

school teacher daughter has a strong constitution, yesterday's ride ought to dispel that doubt. The poor Spinster played out early and got into the wagon with our Guide, whom she entertained with sighing, grumbling and wishing herself back in Boston.

The Dyspeptic also gave up and stretched on a roll of bedding in the rear of the wagon. Maud changed places with the Professor a part of the day, and I rode in the buggy for an hour to ward off a headache.

We stopped at noon to rest and lunch under a large tree near the Dinwiddie Creek. The shade was delightful but the flies were tormenting, and a marsh nearby gave our Guide and Professor some trouble. They turned their horses loose to graze, and Watt Jackson and old Bill got mired.

By the way, Mamsey, I must tell you how those two animals got their present names. When Mr. Mack bought the pony for Maud at the Post, he neglected to inquire his name and told Maud to call him anything she chose. Maud said, "Well, we'll just name him in honor of his former owner, Jack Watson." "But," suggested the Spinster, "Mr. Watson might feel insulted to have a horse named for him." O well, then," replied Maud, "I'll just twist the name and call him Watt Jackson." So Watt Jackson he'll probably be to the end of the chapter.

Old Bill is the homeliest, rawest boned, most awkward gaited buckskin that ever responded to the name of horse. He is actually so homely that he is ludicrous, but he is as reliable as he is homely. Professor feared his two ponies could not stand the strain of pulling day after day, so he rented the buckskin to make it easier for them. He, also, neglected to ask the owner what he called his horse. Mrs. White said, "We'll call him Bill, because he will be a constant reminder of the big bill he is running up for his hire, at the rate of seventy-five cents a day."

About twenty miles from the J. K. we were treated to a change of scenery. Some of the party were too hot and

tired to enjoy it, but the change made me feel rested. First there was a long river bluff, bare, but beautifully striped in browns, reds, yellow and violet. A little farther on there rose a great wall of red rock. The road winds through a narrow gap in the wall, then passes along under the wall close to the bank of the Big Wind River.

The sun was not in position for a good picture, but when we come back I shall try again for I certainly do want a picture of the beautiful Red Pass.

About four P. M. we again came upon the Big Wind not far from the celebrated Blue Holes, which our Guide had promised to show us. It was Mr. Mack's plan to pitch camp here near a certain Mr. Dooley's cabin so that we might rest before climbing the hill to the Holes. He also wanted to give Joe opportunity to do some baking and cooking on the genial Irishman's stove. Mr. Dooley was not at home and the door and window of his cabin were locked; worse still, there was no pasturage for the horses. Our oats were running low and we must get to green fields for a good night's feed.

Tired as we were, we must lose no time, but must climb the steep hill afoot if we wished to see the Blue Holes. They were the first place of special interest on our regular program and even the Spinster made the effort.

We felt fully repaid for the fatiguing climb when we caught sight of the beautiful circular pool nestling serenely on the brow of one of the foot hills of the Wind River Range.

There are two of these extinct geyser basins. They are fringed by small trees and the water in the lakes is a deep, rich blue. The lovely Holes seem like some unnamed jewel set into the hill side.

The water, for then or twelve feet from the bank, is quite shallow, then there is a sudden perpendicular drop, so deep that no one has been able to fathom it. I presume it is the great depth which gives the water its rich coloring. I noted

that the blue is much darker over the deep hole than near the bank.

I can never forget how the Big Wind looks just below the Dooley place. The current is so strong that the river seems like some roaring, foaming, untamed, wild thing. In its bed are huge boulders, and one was like an unearthed cat-acomb trying to rid itself of its dead. Held securely to this great boulder by the straps of a strong harness were the inanimate bodies of two handsome iron-gray horses. I shivered when Mand tragically asked, "The rider—where is he?"



"Come and get it."

About three miles beyond the Blue Hole Hill we came to a cluster of trees which afforded shade. There was also a fair stretch of pasturage, but the ground was too damp for tent floors. Across the road there was a fine elevated tract of land inclosed by a wire fence. "What's the matter with our making ourselves at home in that pasture?" asked the New Man. "The ladies will be high and dry, the horses will be corralled, and there is plenty of feed."

It certainly looked inviting, so Professor rode across the field in the hope of finding the owner in a quaint looking

cobble stone house which stood on the hill side. While Professor was reporting to us the fact that he had found the little speckled house unoccupied, he spied an elderly man with a gray beard and a heavy shock of iron-gray hair coming toward us.

The newcomer proved to be the owner of a little cabin we had passed. His sole companions are a dog and a few chickens. The man's name is Oglivie and he informed us that the owner of the pasture which we wished to use lives up the road a few miles and wouldn't be apt to come this way for a few days because he was haying. "I am sure, though," he added, "that he would not object to your using his pasture over night."

We did not wait for an invitation, but drove in and were soon at home in the most satisfactory camping spot we had yet found. Grass, shade, the river with its rich stock of trout, the fence to keep the horses from straying; all helped to make it a most ideal camp. Even the mosquitoes were few and exceptionally well behaved.

Mr. Preston, whom we have dubbed the Handy Man, has kept us well supplied with fish and cotton-tail rabbit. Joe fried the young rabbits in butter and O, but they taste good. All we lack here is some good bread. We are all out again and must either eat Joe's awful biscuits or crackers.

You may have been wondering, Mother mine, how we keep butter these hot days. Mr. Mack provided a number of large cans with tight covers and we keep the butter in strong brine in these cans.

We may fish all we wish here because we are off the Reservation at last. Mr. Dooley's fence marks the boundary line between the Red Man's land and that of his white brother.

We asked Mr. Oglivie about the horses in the river and he replied: "Why, them's my horses, and the prettiest team you ever saw. I refused four hundred dollars for 'em." Then he explained the drowning as follows: "I'd been up to Du-bois and I stayed later than I oughter. I was—well I was

pretty well petered out and fell asleep. My poor horses took me home all right. I could see the hoof marks where they had stomped around in front of my gate and all the time awondering why I didn't get out and let them in.

"Arter awhile they got tired awaitin' and went off down the road. I don't know where they turned into the river, but the first thing I knowed I was afloatin' in ice-water under my wagon box. I was most stiff but somehow I clumb on top of that box and was aracin' down stream. About a mile on I was stranded on a rock close to the bank.

Seems like a miracle I was saved, but my poor horses, they was done fer. Yon see, they got astraddle of that big rock, the harness caught and one of 'em fell and pulled the other down. They couldn't git up agin. There wasn't any help fer it."

Mamsey, dear, I wish I had the talent to paint for yon our camp as it looks tonight. I am sitting in our tent doorway as I write, with no light save that afforded by the moon and the big camp fire. The others are grouped picturesquely around the great log flame. The Spinster sits on a canvas chair, the Dyspeptic is stretched out on a blanket with his chin resting in his hand and is staring into the flames. Joe and our Guide are sitting on the ground cross-legged, making loops, Mexican fashion, in halter ropes. Professor and his little wife are on a fur rug with backs resting against a big tree, and the Handy Man and Maud are seated on a log with the light of the fire full upon their happy faces.

Maud is singing in one of those rare high soprano voices, a sweet little lullaby, while between the trees which fringe the river we can see the silver moonbeams dancing upon the water.

It is most entrancing and no wonder young Preston constantly edges closer to our bewitching nightingale.

I wish we might stay here a week, but we move on in the morning.

This will be a delightfully cool night to sleep, while, no



doubt, you will be tossing restlessly in Uncle Harold's hot chamber. Such nights as this I wish you and Sis were with me, but such days as yesterday I am thankful you are not. You are neither one robust enough to get pleasure out of camping under all sorts of conditions.

Good night.

Your very happy

Violet.



DUBOIS, WYO.—Center Building, Store and Postoffice; Left Wing, Dr. Welty's Office and Drug Store.

Saturday, July 27, 11 A. M.

Here we are at Dubois. When we were within about a half mile of this place, Mr. Mack shouted, "All hands spruce up, the train will soon arrive at the city of Dubois." We mopped the dust from our faces, adjusted our hats and neck ties and prepared to enter civilization.

The first building we saw, as we rounded a curve in the road, was the quaintest little church I have ever seen. It is built entirely of logs and has a rustic gable which is surmounted by a crude cross. Near the church stand a small

blacksmith shop and a one room frame building which is used as office by the forest ranger.

We turned the corner and came to a two-story log building, the City Hotel. There were two very small rude store-buildings next to the hotel and opposite was a low rambling log structure. It contains the general store, the postoffice, and the physican's office. A little eating house stands not far from the big store. The buildings I have mentioned, with perhaps a couple of small dwelling houses, constitute the city of Dubois.

We have seen as residents of the town, eight men, two women and three children. We did not take time to scold our Guide for making us primp and clean up for such a city, but tied our ponies and hurried into the postoffice.

Not one of us was disappointed, but all received mail he or she was looking for. I found a letter from you, my darling Mother, one from Sis and one from Clyde.

I shall enjoy my trip all the more since receiving your happy letter, Mamsey, but Clyde's ought to depress me. It doesn't in the least, though; it just makes me feel angry.

The foolish boy writes, "My uncle promises me a raise if I give up the notion of the six-week trip to the Park. It's time he was giving me that raise and, of course, I'll have to give the vacation up. Now we can get married in the fall or early winter."

Now, isn't that just like Clyde? Why, I have never even given my consent to a formal engagement; never accepted his ring and here he is setting the date for our marriage. I am puzzled to know just how to answer him. I wish I could have you all to myself a few minutes, Mother adviser.

I fear I cannot make my feelings clear to you on paper. If a girl is really in love, doesn't she know it? Isn't there a feeling of something deeper than mere fondness or close friendship?

Now, I do not think that Clyde has the proper feeling toward me to warrant his talking of marriage in that

off-hand way. Of course, we used to play at getting married when we were tiny tads. You remember how I used to tie the piece of lace curtain to my curls for a bridal veil and how Clyde would slip the key-ring over my finger when cousin Avis solemnly pronounced us husband and wife.

Those childish mock weddings were fun, but this light veined talk of Clyde's now, is a very different matter.

Later.

I was interrupted by Maud and the Spinster, who came across to where I am sitting on a pile of planks. They were both laughing as they said, "O, you missed a treat." The low building opposite the postoffice store bears a sign which reads, "Grain and hay." Maud read the sign and said, "All feed stores have large scales, let's go in and get weighed." They opened the door and bounded in. A blear-eyed man who was leaning against the counter, greeted them with, "Hello, girls, my treat. What'll you have?" Then they realized that they were in a liquor store and backed toward the door. The half intoxicated man stepped toward them and took hold of the Spinster's sleeve and said coaxingly, "Ah, come now, be a good fellow. What'll the drinks be?"

The scared look on the Spinster's face aroused the demon of mischief in Maud and she replied, "Since you are so kind, we'll take lemonade." "Three lemons!" shouted the would be friend to the bartender.

The Spinster was afraid to refuse to drink the ade, so she and Maud both emptied their glasses as quickly as possible and then they ran out of the building. It will be a lesson for us girls to be careful where we go unchaperoned in this pioneer country; other places may not be fully or properly labelled.

My interrupters have gone into the store to wait for the stage which is to bring Professor's single-trees and Maud's straw hat. I hope it will be a large one, for Maud's poor, tender skin fairly blisters in the sun. I think she keeps it tender by using face cream and camphorated vaseline. I

find I do not burn nearly as readily since I have given up using all oily ointments.

Here comes the stage now.

Later.

Such a time! Such a stage surprise! We all made a bee line for the vehicle. Everyone was eager to see if the single-trees had come, and Maud could not curb her impatience to see her new hat.

By the driver's side sat a man; a fairly good looking young man he was, with such honest, twinkling eyes. He seemed greatly amused at the way we all plied that stage driver with "Did you bring the single-trees?" But the driver was a surly fellow. He ignored our questions and, pointing to our Guide, said to the man at his side, "There's your man."

He, the new man, I mean, then jumped from the wagon and as he extended his hand to Mr. Mack he explained that he was the man from Brooklyn who had cancelled the Park contract because of his mother's illness. He further explained that as soon as his mother recovered he boarded the train for Lauder with the idea of overtaking us. Mrs. Mack had phoned to the J. K. just after we had left there and knew that we were waiting here for the single-trees, so she advised the Brooklynite to come to Dubois on the stage. He did as she advised and now he hoped we would take him in as a member of our happy party.

While Mr. Mack was remarking that he could get the extra bedding needed for the newcomer in the store, Maud whispered to me. "Goodie! Now there is a man apiece. The Dyspeptic has eyes for no one but you, Vi., since he hurt the Spinster's feelings and now she can have the Brooklynite, at least till the Handy Man leaves me. I never did have much use for eastern men, though. They are too slow, don't you know."

When the surly driver finally uncovered his load, Professor found a pair of single-trees all right, but they were too frail for mountain work so he hurried over to the

blacksmith shop and is having the smith reinforce them with some iron. That will keep us here until late this afternoon.

But the hat; where was that? The driver produced a large cotton umbrella with the remark. "Professor ordered me to bring a large, cheap lady's sunshade and this here comes as near filling the bill as anything I could find."

Maud's face fell, then the humor of it struck her and she said, "Well, I'm the cheap lady all right, but the shade I was after was under a hat." Now isn't that just like a man to call a hat a sunshade? But the disappointment wasn't as great as it might have been, for Maud found a cheap hat in the store here which will serve her very well.

Our bitterest disappointment in Dubois is in not being able to get bread. We begged for it, bribed for it and almost wept for it, but neither the hotel keeper nor the woman at the boarding house would spare us a single loaf. We even tried to get some at the private residences, but without success.

The Spinster bought several cans of lobster and sardines, Maud got a supply of candy and gum, and I invested in several packages of soda crackers and other unsweetened biscuits. I hid them in Professor's buggy for fear of offending our very touchy cook. I also bought two sets of little gem tins, similar to your muffin tins. You see, the camp stove gets so hot it bakes everything on the outer side before the middle of the loaf gets the heat. That is why Joe's biscuits are usually burned outside and doughy in the centre. Some day when he is in extra good humor, I'll ask him to try the little individual biscuit tins.

#### Four P. M.

It will be another hour before the single-trees are ready, so I can scribble some more. I want to tell you that what I have been fearing has come to pass. Joe visited the liquor dealer and by lunch time had just enough whiskey in him to make him cross. The biscuits were worse than usual and when we refused to eat them he threw the plate containing

them as far as he could and said he was done cooking for such a high-toned crowd. Then he packed his belongings into a gunny, mounted his pony, and, in spite of the protests of our Guide, and the beseeching of the rest of us, rode off on the road back to Lander.

"Whatever will we do without a cook?" cried the Spinster. "Cook be darned," replied our Guide. "I'll be cook. Miss Violet, where are those crackers I saw yon sneaking into Professor's buggy? That's right, pass the box. Just the way I like it."

If the camp boss was not upset by the departure of our cook why need the rest of us feel depressed? In five minutes we were chatting and laughing as if we had never known of the existence of Joe.

At any rate, Mr. Mack cannot be a poorer chef than Joe was, but I can see how the lady camp assistant will have to do more than to sit around and wait till told to "Come and get it," for surely Mr. Mack will need someone to start the meal cooking while he unharnesses the horses and raises the tents. I shall really be glad of the privilege of putting a woman's hand into the cupboard. In the first place, I shall burn the black dish rag. I've been itching to give the tea towels a good boiling, but dared not even suggest such a thing to touchy Joe.

Our Spinster wants to stay here over night so she can sleep in the hotel, but there is no grazing near here and the men want to go on a way. I'm glad of it. I don't like towns when I am out camping. The farther I am into the heart of nature and away from man-made things the better I like it.

Our New Man did not bring any warm clothing and is now in the store stocking his suit case with heavy underwear and corduroy trousers. He seems more like the western man than the Dyspeptic, or even Clyde. I dare say it is because he has traveled extensively in the west. Mr. Mack told me he is a cashier in a large bank of Brooklyn and I sup-

pose the very fact that he has to live on an ordinary salary makes him seem to have more in common with the rest of us than is the case with our wealthy Spinster and the Dyspeptic. Maud's father is well-to-do, but not extremely wealthy.

Professor and Mr. Mack are saddling the ponies so I must stop writing and will drop this into the mail box. It will probably be some time before I shall be able to mail another set of diary pages to you.

Love to you all.

Yours lovingly,

Vi.

P. S. Our Guide bought a fine little saddle pony here for the newcomer.



"I didn't enjoy that double-mount ford."

Camp Warm Springs Creek, Sunday, July 28 at 7 p. m.

Here we are, camped in a barn-yard, but it is far from being an ideal camping place. We are three miles from Dubois in a ranch on the Warm Springs Creek.

Mr. Mack inquired of the man on this ranch how much farther we'd have to go to get to good feed and he replied we should not be able to find good grazing for some distance

but, if we chose, we might camp in the barn-yard and turn the horses into the pasture.

We accepted his hospitality. It is very fine for the horses, but quite unpleasant for the rest of us. Firstly, the barn-yard odors are not pleasing; secondly, it is damp and mosquitoes are plentiful; thirdly, a baby calf, recently separated from its mother distresses us with his bawling. But who cares for a few unpleasant hours when we are enjoying so many glorious ones?

Mother dear, I would be willing to fight twice as many mosquitoes and listen to a dozen bawling calves for such sights as we enjoyed today.

Mr. Mack succeeded in purchasing a loaf of bread, a good big one, from the woman of this ranch and we enjoyed our breakfast of oat meal with condensed milk (that bawling calf got the milk we had counted on) bacon, bread with syrup and coffee. It's really remarkable how good the things one will refuse to touch at home taste out of doors.

While Mr. Mack cut the bacon and stirred the oat meal, I sliced the bread and arranged the dishes. It is really fun to do such things in camp.

By the way, Mother, I don't believe I ever described our handy combined mess box and cupboard to you. It is fastened to the rear of the wagon, is about five feet high and two deep, and has shelves and compartments for food and dishes. The door is on hinges, opens outward and fastens with a chain. When open the door forms a table which is neatly covered with white oil cloth. It is very easy and simplifies housework considerably to be able to slip one's dishes right out of the cupboard onto the table without as much as taking a single step. Then, too, it saves time and labor to scrape the dishes and clear the table again without moving more than two or three feet from one's original position.

After breakfast, our Guide began to wash the dishes and I to dry them. Maud said, "Here, hand me a cloth, you aren't going to have all the fun alone." We three really did have



a merry time while we banged the tin and granite. Tell Sis her old maid sister really consented to dry dishes which had not been rinsed. We didn't take time to freshen the towels after we got through, either, for it was Sunday and, besides, we were anxious to get an early start for a day of sight seeing.

We were a merry party when we began our march; ladies on horseback and men on foot. In a few minutes we came to the Warm Springs Creek ford, and such a ford! The bed of the river was filled with large, slippery boulders, and the stream foamed and rushed along at a mad pace.

The men had intended taking their boots off and wading across, but Maud and the Spinster were timid about getting their ponies through the rushing water so Mr. Mack got astride the Spinster's pony, back of the saddle, and, reaching around the Spinster's waist to hold the reins, he guided the pony safely across. Then the Handy Man and Maud crossed in the same manner, and the Dyspeptic and I; only I kept the reins. I was afraid to trust my spirited pony to the hand of a tenderfoot. My! but it was dizzy work turning and twisting the pony to avoid the boulders, while the water, which came almost to the horse's belly in one place, foamed and roared beneath us.

It was the Dyspeptic's first experience on a mountain stream ford. He gripped me round the waist and held his breath when we came to the deep place. When we were safely over he said, "Now, that was quite a feat, that double mount fording, and now that we are safely over I believe I really enjoyed the novel experience, dawn't you know." I always enjoy fording streams and the wilder they are the better I like them, but the pleasure of this one was somewhat spoiled by that tight grip double mount.

Professor and Mrs. White very nearly had a plunge when their pony stepped on a slippery stone, and fell to his knees. The poor little fellow skinned his foot quite badly.

When all the rest were safely across Mr. Mack re-crossed

the stream for the Brooklynite. We then made a short climb to a flat table-land; here our Guide told us to dismount. We threw the reins over our horses' heads and they immediately began to graze, as all well trained cow ponies do.

We walked a few steps to a peculiar slit in the ground which was edged with jutting rock. This slit was about forty feet long and not quite half as wide. We stooped and looked down into the opening and immediately there were cries of "O, how lovely!" "Isn't that grand?" "My, O, but that is pretty, you know."

We saw about sixty feet below us a pool of water; two-thirds of it was a magnificent green and the other third was a dark, rich blue. We half stepped, half slipped down the narrow, rocky descent and found ourselves standing near the water's edge and under a roof of hard substance resembling molten rock.

The green part of the pool is shallow, but the blue must be very deep, for we counted eighteen slowly before a stone the size of an egg, which we threw into it, had sunk sufficiently to be lost to sight. We saw no fish, but bubbles were constantly moving upward toward the surface of the water.

A small opening in the bottom of the wall attracted my attention and I stooped down to look into it. As I did so I heard the roar as of a great rushing torrent or a cataract. This aroused my curiosity and I crawled into the cave to explore the cause of the noise. As I did so a blast of hot air nearly strangled me. I grew faint and, extending my hand through the opening, I gasped, "Air, air!" The Brooklynite, who had also become curious as to the cause of the sound, was stooping and peering into the cave. He saw my distress and pulled me out. It took me several minutes to recover. I never before had such a strange sensation as of a terrible pressure on my lungs. No one else of our party undertook to explore the cave after my experience.

We were loath to leave the beautiful pool in the extinct

geyser basin, but the Natural Bridge was yet to be seen so we once more came to earth and mounted our horses.

We were now nearly eight thousand feet above sea level, with a long climb ahead of us. I wish I could have the picture we made as we climbed that long, long hill. We traveled single file; women astride the ponies and men on tail-mount, that is to say, they held to the horses' tails as they climbed. It is really surprising how much easier it made it for the men when they held to the animals' tails.

Mr. Mack called our attention to the fine view we had of Ram's Horn Peak off in the distance. This peak, as its name indicates, is shaped like the curved horn of a ram. The entire panorama which our present elevation afforded was grand. One could see such a variety of natural beauty all at a glance; bare hills, wooded mountains, valleys, deep canyon, plateau, and river.

Up, up we went till we reached the timber and here our Guide lost the trail. As we advanced into the pines we began to descend. Soon the timber became so dense that we were obliged to dismount, tie our ponies and proceed on foot. The ground was carpeted with dry pine needles which made our footing very insecure. The Guide went ahead to break the low hanging branches which threatened to pull our hair or to scratch our faces.

Down, down we went; slipping, sliding, catching at branches, and stepping over fallen trees. Our poor Spinster was so tired she could scarcely keep up with us. A little bottle of liquor taken from Mrs. White's wonder bag refreshed her. At last Mr. Mack, who was in the lead, shouted, "Hurrah! Here's the first one!"

Such a picture! We looked down upon a wild stream rushing through a gorge with a narrow bridge of rock spanning it. Even the Spinster said the sight was well worth the effort it had cost.

After a brief rest we began climbing, only a short distance, however, and then we found ourselves walking across the

the stream for the Brooklynite. We then made a short climb to a flat table-land; here our Guide told us to dismount. We threw the reins over our horses' heads and they immediately began to graze, as all well trained cow ponies do.

We walked a few steps to a peculiar slit in the ground which was edged with jutting rock. This slit was about forty feet long and not quite half as wide. We stooped and looked down into the opening and immediately there were cries of "O, how lovely!" "Isn't that grand?" "My, O, but that is pretty, you know."

We saw about sixty feet below us a pool of water; two-thirds of it was a magnificent green and the other third was a dark, rich blue. We half stepped, half slipped down the narrow, rocky descent and found ourselves standing near the water's edge and under a roof of hard substance resembling molten rock.

The green part of the pool is shallow, but the blue must be very deep, for we counted eighteen slowly before a stone the size of an egg, which we threw into it, had sunk sufficiently to be lost to sight. We saw no fish, but bubbles were constantly moving upward toward the surface of the water.

A small opening in the bottom of the wall attracted my attention and I stooped down to look into it. As I did so I heard the roar as of a great rushing torrent or a cataract. This aroused my curiosity and I crawled into the cave to explore the cause of the noise. As I did so a blast of hot air nearly strangled me. I grew faint and, extending my hand through the opening, I gasped, "Air, air!" The Brooklynite, who had also become curious as to the cause of the sound, was stooping and peering into the cave. He saw my distress and pulled me out. It took me several minutes to recover. I never before had such a strange sensation as of a terrible pressure on my lungs. No one else of our party undertook to explore the cave after my experience.

We were loath to leave the beautiful pool in the extinct

geyser basin, but the Natural Bridge was yet to be seen so we once more came to earth and mounted our horses.

We were now nearly eight thousand feet above sea level, with a long climb ahead of us. I wish I could have the picture we made as we climbed that long, long hill. We traveled single file; women astride the ponies and men on tail-mount, that is to say, they held to the horses' tails as they climbed. It is really surprising how much easier it made it for the men when they held to the animals' tails.

Mr. Mack called our attention to the fine view we had of Ram's Horn Peak off in the distance. This peak, as its name indicates, is shaped like the curved horn of a ram. The entire panorama which our present elevation afforded was grand. One could see such a variety of natural beauty all at a glance; bare hills, wooded mountains, valleys, deep canyon, plateau, and river.

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After a brief rest we began climbing, only a short distance, however, and then we found ourselves walking across the

second and larger natural bridge. Our Guide said that in order to fully appreciate this bridge we must get under it, so we started down a steep, slippery path. Mand lost her footing, sat down with a thud and began swiftly sliding down the steep toboggan, screaming at the top of her voice. She reached the bottom in safety so the Dyspeptic decided he'd find it easier to slide down than to walk and sat down. But he hadn't reckoned with the cost, for, when he rose to his feet the Spinster cried, "Why, Mr. Moore, you've ruined your trousers!" Sure enough, there was a hole as big as my hand.

The embarrassed man sat down again suddenly saying as he did so, "My, O, that's horrid, you know. The beastly hole has gone clear through, you know." Fortunately the little wonder bag which was hanging from Mrs. White's shoulder, contained thread and a needle and while our dignified eastern gentleman was crouching behind a rock the Professor's kind little wife sewed a white handkerchief into the hole of the abused trousers.

We were remarking just yesterday how he is rapidly becoming a changed man under the influence of our door life and his present company. He does not spend nearly so much of his time looking into the glass to see how his thick, curly hair looks and if his four-in-hand is properly adjusted, and actually went two whole days without shaving. His disposition is rapidly changing for the better and his appetite and digestion are improving so much that we have decided his nickname does not fit him now and we shall have to style him the Ex-dyspeptic.

Well, when that aesthetic gentleman emerged from behind the rock and turned to display the big white patch and then joined in the laugh with the rest of us, we knew that the change wrought by Dame Nature was even greater than we had supposed.

Under the bridge was a deep grotto out of which flowed the clear, cold mountain stream. There is a cave in one

wall of the grotto, about half way to the top. At the back of the grotto is another cave-like opening and, from the top of this, is suspended a bell shaped rock and from the bottom of that hangs another, but smaller rock like the clapper of a bell; in fact, this peculiar hanging rock is known as The Bell.

While our Guide, Maud, the Brooklynite and I were crossing the river on slippery boulders to enter the great cavern, Mr. Mack slipped and fell into the water. It was a cold plunge, but an hour in the sunshine dried him thoroughly.

I succeeded in getting about half way into the recess by keeping close to the wall and picking my way along the jutting shelf of rock. Then I sat down and gazed back into the Bell cave until I was carried into Fairyland and saw the dark grotto peopled with water nymphs and quaint little rock elves. The Bell marked the entrance to Elfville, and I was just exploring the underground passage leading to the great king's castle when I was rudely snatched from my delightful reverie by the shouting of my name. The Handy Man was trying to take a picture and wanted me to face the camera; I am sure he wasted the film because the grotto is so dark.

There is a high rocky wall opposite and only a few rods from the cavern, and while we were lunching on some sandwiches our Guide had carried in a little knapsack, he told us an interesting bit of Indian strategy which took place on that wall. History relates that Chief Washakie, with a band of Shoshones, was driven down into this little gully at the mouth of the grotto and was guarded and surrounded by his enemies. The steep rock wall was considered impassable and the poor Shoshones, with their brave chief, were doomed to certain destruction. Imagine the surprise of the warring Indians the next morning when they discovered that their enemies had escaped during the night. The wily and persistent Washakie had shown his faithful Shoshones how to cut a pass into and around that hitherto im-

passable wall. This was made possible because of the fact that the rushing water drowned the noise made by the escaping Redskins.

Our delightful day came very near to having a tragic end. When we were ready to go back to camp our Guide climbed the trail and tied the strong rope, which he always carries



"Chief Washukie with his tribesmen made a pass around the wall."

knotted about his waist, to a large bush of sage. He threw the other end down to the Professor, who steadied himself by it and easily climbed to the top of the path. Then he sat down beside Mr. Mack, braced his feet against a rock, and,



together, they pulled first the Spinster and then Maud to the top.

While I was being pulled up the rock against which Professor was bracing himself became dislodged and suddenly an avalanche was tumbling down that path. When the Professor felt the rock give way he shouted, "Look out!" and I dodged to one side and grabbed an overhanging bush just in time to escape the shower of rocks which were flying in all directions like a lot of mad demons escaping from some unguarded cave. How those of our party who were still at the bottom of the path escaped with only a few slight bruises is a miracle. Perhaps the Brooklynite's fervent, "O God, have mercy," wrought the miracle.

It was a quiet, but grateful company who slowly climbed back to where the ponies were tied. The climb back was not nearly so difficult as our descent had been because our Guide found the cleared trail.

As we were nearing the beautiful geyser basin Mr. Mack remarked that he had taken a most refreshing bath in the pool a year ago. The novelty of a bath in the natural tub, eight thousand feet above sea level, appealed to the men at once and the Ex-dyspeptic suggested that we ladies ride on to the ford and wait there till they should join us. We consented, but when we started down the steep path the Spinster's old broncho balked. We could neither coax nor whip him into taking another step downward.

Our Guide, who was watching to see us safely on our way, pointed out another path, much longer, but not nearly so steep and Maud, who never gets confused in the points of the compass, and is an excellent hand to remember roads, said she would take the lead.

We reached the ford in safety and had a long wait for the men, who came down looking refreshed after their bath in the beautiful emerald pool with its water at about eighty-three degrees, Fahrenheit.

We did not ford with double-mount as when we came, but

at the Brooklynite's suggestion, we crossed in pairs, a man and a woman, on separate ponies. The lady then dismounted and the man took her horse back for another man. In that way every lady had an escort and every man rode a pony, It was much pleasanter than the double-mount way.

We got back to camp at four o'clock, cleaned up a bit and then stretched out on cots or blankets while our Guide began preparations for dinner. I was anxious to see what kind of biscuits could be baked in the gem tins I bought in Dubois so I quietly left my napping tent-mates and told our Guide that I was going to try my luck with the camp stove oven. He was more than pleased, so I quickly mixed the dough, making it quite short and without rolling, I dropped a spoonful into each compartment of the tin. I pushed the hot coals away from the oven side so as to have less heat and, Mother mine, those biscuits were a delightful surprise. They were deliciously crisp on the outside and baked all the way through.

I wish you could have seen those men eat and the way they showered me with compliments. You would have thought I was some great genius suddenly brought into their midst. Mr. Mack said I was surely looking for trouble and would henceforth have a steady job as no one would consent to eat charred dough when there was anyone in camp who could make biscuits like those. O, well, I shall not mind that in the least, in fact, I am glad to be able to do something really worth while to reimburse our kind Guide for what he is doing for me.

Our Handy Man suggested that the men wash the dishes while the women repacked our suit cases, and loaded our kodaks preparatory to an early morning start. The Ex-dyspeptic tried to get out of helping, but the rest would not let him off. He put my large apron on and held the dishes out at arm's length very gingerly as he dried them. It was laughable to hear the others pick at him and try to give him lessons.

While I am writing Maud and the Handy Man are out for

a stroll, the Brooklynite is listening to the Spinster's account of her trip to Panama, the Ex-dyspeptic is writing a letter. Mrs. White is lying down and Professor and Mr. Mack are oiling the wagons. So far, Maud's pairing of our party is working out just as she wished, only, Mamsey mine, I do hope the Ex-dyspeptic will not always choose me for his riding companion. He is very courteous, highly educated, and a perfect gentleman, yet, like Maud, I find the eastern men, especially this one, rather boring.

By the way, Mother confessor, I have decided to tell Clyde that I wish he would act more in accord with custom and at least propose marriage to me before he sets the date for the ceremony. It will give me opportunity to say no or yes before the cards are engraved. Considerable time will have elapsed by the time we reach another postoffice and the impulsive boy will no doubt have attributed my tardy reply to something equal to a refusal. It is just as well so.

The Spinster is coming and I am tired so I will say good night. More when we reach another camp.

Vi.

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Camp Sheridan, Monday, July 29.

Mother dear, did you ever write a letter with no light save that of a big camp fire, while the rain was making music on the tent roof? That is what I am doing now. Our Guide says that these mountain showers are of frequent occurrence, but they never last longer than a few hours at a time. He prophesies that the sun will be shining in the morning and that the road will be dry enough by ten o'clock to permit us moving on.

We left Warm Springs Creek Camp at seven this morning with everyone in excellent spirits and health. When we had traveled a short distance our horses were terribly annoyed by large deer flies. How they did cling to the poor beasts! Professor tied some horse veils to the ponies' bridles. Mrs. White had made them of white cheese cloth with large round

eyeholes. She was wearing a heavy veil, Professor had a piece of pink mosquito net pinned around his hat and covering his face and, all together, they looked like a part of some Mardigras procession.

We had been following the course of one of the irrigation ditches which are so common in Wyoming and the Ex-dyspeptic turned to me and asked, "Doesn't the water in this state obey the law of gravity?" "Of course," I replied, "why do you ask that?" "Well," he answered, "I have been noticing for some time that that ditch runs up hill." I couldn't laugh at him for I was puzzled in the same way when I came West and cannot yet understand why the ditches are not up grade and still look so much like it.

The road was gradually climbing upward and when we came to really hard grades the Handy Man and I did some saddle pulling. That is probably a new term to you, Mother. Professor tied a long rope to his buggy pole and wound the other end around my saddle horn; then I guided my pony with my reins while he helped pull the load. It is really a great help to the team. The Handy man did the same for our Guide. When the road is rutty or when there are sudden turns to be made in order to escape striking a rock or stump it requires some skill on the part of the one doing the saddle-pulling. A careless or untimed turn is apt to break the pole of the buggy. One must also watch the speed of the horses he is helping, else he is in danger of being prodded by the pole.

It was my first experience at saddle pulling and was naturally quite a strain on my nerves and tired me. I showed the strain I felt in my face and the Brooklynite offered to relieve me, but Professor was afraid to trust a tenderfoot, who was not used to riding a broncho, to do the steering. Then he asked, "Would it not be easier for Miss Chester to drive the team while you do the saddle-pulling?" Professor said he had not thought of that so he changed places with me and it really was easier for me to drive.

It began to shower at eleven and I was fortunate to be in the covered buggy. Mrs. White and I adjusted the sides and the rubber lap robe and kept perfectly dry, but Mand and the rest, who had ridden on ahead quite a distance, got soaked before they were able to get back to the wagon for their rain coats and ponchoes.

The road became slippery and our Guide's wagon slipped into a rut and cracked two spokes. Mr. Mack had to get out in the rain to wire them.

Shortly after noon we sighted a forest ranger's cabin on the opposite side of the creek. We knew it was a forest ranger's headquarters because a United States flag floated above the house. It was still raining and the road was uphill and so heavy that our Guide decided to go into camp as soon as possible. We forded the creek and asked the Ranger to direct us to a good camping place where we might have good grazing for our horses. There were excellent camping grounds just opposite the corral, but signs, "No Camping," were posted all around the premises. The Ranger said we would find excellent pasturage, also dead timber and water, about a mile back into the woods. He invited us to come into the house to get dry and all but the Guide, Professor and the Handy Man, who went on to pitch the tents, accepted the invitation.

The Ranger's wife treated us to home made bread, marmalade and hot tea, and how we did enjoy the feast! We begged bread to take to camp, but there was none left. Then the Ranger's kind wife offered us the flour and other necessary material for biscuits. Mand and I baked enough biscuits for supper and some cup cakes while the Spinster entertained our hostess with a description of all the discomforts of camp as compared with her home conveniences; neither did she forget to mention her lovely twenty-eight dollar and fifty-cent air mattress. "That settles it once for all," whispered Mand. "Never again."

When we reached camp supper was ready and we ate our

boiled potatoes, stewed tomatoes and fried ham in the tent, using one of the cots as a table. Of course that was covered with grease spots when we finished the meal, but they were nothing compared with the spots on our riding skirts. Mother mine, you'd surely feel disgraced to see the filthy skirt your daughter is wearing. Mine does not look even as bad as any of the rest, for theirs are longer and more out of shape.

You see, we couldn't carry a table in the wagon unless it were one of the collapsible kind and there were none of that kind to be bought in Lander except the very small card tables so we rest our plates in our laps when we eat. You can imagine what that does to one's clothes. The men's trousers look as bad as our skirts and I notice that corduroy is no more of a success in camp than khaki.

Maud is uncommonly anxious to retire tonight, so, more tomorrow.  
Viola.

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#### Camp Sheridan

Here it is Tuesday, 8:30 P. M. and the rain it raineth still.

This is a beautiful spot, a few rods from Sheridan creek. The tents and tepees stand under the pines. How I love the pine scented air! We, that is most of us, are not minding this enforced rest and are enjoying the novelty of running out in the rain to have our plates filled and back into the tents again to empty them.

This noon I put my raincoat on and baked biscuits while the rain was pouring down; Maud thought of her "cheap lady's sunshade," had our Guide dig it out of the bottom of the wagon and held it over the dough as I mixed it. "There," she said, "didn't I tell you we'd have use for my sunshade?"

The grass is rather long and when I stoop down to get at the low oven, my skirt gets water soaked, but no one ever takes cold in these pine camps.

Well, Maud has had her revenge and not once today has the Spinster boasted of her comfortable pneumatic mattress. I wondered last night that Maud was anxious to retire early; she is usually the last one to get into bed.

The great pine fire was lighting our tent and the Spinster was peacefully enjoying her first snore when I saw our Irish lassie get stealthily out of bed and crawl over to the hated mattress. She certainly must have made a thorough study of its mechanism, for she knew just where to find the valve screw. She gave it a few turns, crept back into bed again and began breathing hard and steadily.

Maud had not let me into her proposed vengeance because she feared I would not countenance it, but I suspected that the air was slowly leaking out of the mattress under the sleeping Bostonian. Soon that lady stopped her regular breathing and sat up in bed. She began fumbling under her and muttered, "Well, I never." Finally she got up, punched the mattress, muttered something and reached into her bag.

Pump, pump, pump. I tried so hard to keep from giggling that a snort escaped from my throat. Maud began to talk incoherently and to toss and throw her arms about to cover my tell tale noises. "No, sir, I told you before that I will not dance—no—no—" Then her voice died away and she snored vociferously while the pump, pump, pump continued.

At last the wonderful pneumatic was restored to its proper stage of plumpness and the weary Spinster was soon resuming the snores where she had left off. She was more silent than usual this morning and did not allude in any way to her mattress, but, while Maud and I were doing up the dishes, she went into the tent and gave her bed a thorough examination. She became more talkative after she had read the little pamphlet of directions which had been attached to the mattress, and told the party, while we were at lunch, how Maud had disclosed her secrets and love affairs in her sleep. Maud asked innocently, "What did I talk about?"

That girl is certainly a good actress. I had to turn away to hide my guilty smile. The Brooklynite, who is very quick and observing for an easterner, noticed the expression on my face and whispered, "What trick did you girls play on the poor lady?" I didn't inform him because I knew that Mand would want the pleasure of telling all about it when we were all seated around the camp fire after the Spinster had retired. She (the Spinster) and Mrs. White are usually the first to go to bed.

We have had a busy day mending and writing letters. Mrs. White removed the once white handkerchief from the Ex-dyspeptic's trousers and put in its place a neat little patch which she cleverly made out of the flaps of the pockets. Mand sewed a rent in the Handy Man's sleeve, and I darned a tear in the Guide's sweater.

The Brooklynite, who is always thoughtful of everyone's comfort, has been much concerned because I have to bake biscuits out in the rain. You see, no one ever expects a long rain this season in Wyoming, so our Guide did not bring pipe enough to permit having the stove in the tent. This morning the Brooklynite got the Handy Man to go with him in search of bread. The Ranger and his wife had gone to visit some relatives and would not return for several days, so they rode over to the Smith ranch, two miles distant. Here again they were disappointed, for an automobile party had been mired close by and were staying at the Ranch until the roads should dry and had consumed all the bread.

When they returned empty handed, our quick witted Irish girl suggested that the men take flour over to Mrs. Smith and ask her to bake some bread for us. This she kindly consented to do and we shall have fresh yeast bread tomorrow. Yum, yum.

The Rancher assures us that the rain will stop tonight and that the roads will be in condition tomorrow for slow driving.

Our Ex-dyspeptic was not very well today and spent two



hours in his tepee. I was sorry, of course, that he was not feeling as well as usual, but really glad not to have so much of his company as he has been giving me of late. The Brooklynite came into our tent while I was mending the sweater and sat beside me on the cot. "It is rather mean to take advantage of Mr. Moore like this," he said, "but I have wanted for some time the pleasure of conversation with you." We had a delightful chat; he doesn't bore me as the New York man does.

The Brooklynite told me about his mother and the sister with whom she lives and related some of his travel experiences. It seems to me that for a bank cashier on a moderate salary he has done a wonderful amount of traveling. He is an entertaining talker and I believe I like him the best of any man in camp except our dear Professor. There is so much depth to him and I do like his honest eyes. He seems to think my eyes my one redeeming feature, too, for when I had my eyes on my darning he said, quite unexpectedly, "Look at me." Of course I looked up in surprise at his unexpected request. Then he looked into my eyes and said quite naturally, "Violet, of course, just as I had hoped; the deep, beautiful violet eye. Is that why your mother gave you that sweet name?"

That's the first time, Mother, anyone complimented my eyes; I have always considered my hair my sole mark of beauty. You know Sis is such a little beauty that I seem plain beside her.

The wind has come up and it is so chilly that I think I'll go to bed. Good night.

Vi.

P. S. I wish we were near a postoffice so I might get a letter from you. I am so anxious to hear what you think of the way I am treating Clyde.

Violet.

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Camp Sheridan, Wednesday.

This day surely has been a disposition tester. Everyone

had felt certain the sun would shine and everyone was disappointed to hear the rain drops falling on the tents when morning dawned. The drop, drop has ceased to be music to our ears and some of the party are being made irritable by the monotony of it. If we were not so fearful that the roads will be made so impassable that we shall be penned up here a week or more we should not mind the rain so much.

If we were all on horseback the rain would not keep us from traveling; it is only the heavily loaded wagons which cannot travel on the steep, muddy hills. I should think our Handy Man would go on; he may lose his job if he delays too long, but I suppose he thinks work can be had at any time, while Maud's companionship may be enjoyed but once.

Our men all have business engagements for the second week of September and I have my school so if this delay lasts too long we shall have to give up some Park side trips which we are counting on. I do hope we shall not have to do that.

We are only started up the hardest climb to the great Wind River Divide and we are told, at best, we would have difficulty in pulling our heavy baggage wagon up that grade with a single team.

I heard a lady remark at one time that the quickest and best way to learn one's true disposition was to go camping with that person and I surely am in position now to verify the truth of that test. If I ever seriously contemplate marriage I shall plan a camping out trip with my betrothed as one of the party; and I shall pray for rain, a three-day rain.

In our Park party, so far, our Guide has the highest mark for all around good nature, and the Brooklynite ranks second; though I must admit, all things considered, we have an exceptionally amiable and compatible company. The greater part of our party have not been used to dining daily on canned meats and soups, biscuits and canned fruits and it is little wonder that the Spinster and the Ex-dyspeptic keep wishing for fried spring chicken with mushrooms, chilled sliced tomato, blue points and the like.

No one except Mrs. White had thought to bring any games for a rainy day in camp because that kind of day is so rare here at this time of year. There wasn't a single deck of cards to be had, but Mrs. White's som'erset (our Handy Man calls it Methodist high five) has given us considerable amusement. Maud, the Eastern Man and our Handy Man are playing as I write. The rest are reading.

Mr. Smith brought us four big loaves of good bread and how we do enjoy it. Maud said, "I'd rather have a slice of this bread than all the mushrooms in Boston." She cannot enjoy canned meats and her principal diet consists of bread or biscuit and syrup. You can't imagine how good syrup, just the ordinary can syrup, does taste in camp, Mamsey. Sad to relate, both syrup and butter are running low. If we do not soon get to a store I fear we shall have to live on a very reduced diet. You should see what a quantity of food it takes to satisfy one in this delightful mountain air.

The boss of the lumber camp rode over to make us a call this morning. He asked how we managed to keep dry and said we were fortunate to have such good tents. Neither of the tents nor anyone of the tepees has leaked, except in a spot or two, where someone chanced to rub the canvas. Our caller found us very cozily chatting, seated in Professor's tent, with a large ingrain rug on the ground, and seated on robes, camp chairs and oat sacks.

The Spinster took the lumber man over to our tent to show him her mattress. Maud looked at me and muttered, "What, again? But nevermore." I do hope she will not oblige the poor woman to get up to pump on such a cold night as this.

It must seem strange to you to hear me talk of the cold while you, who are in almost the same latitude, are suffering with the heat. I have already had occasion to be grateful to Professor for compelling me to carry warm clothing. I have the cashmere hose on now and if it grows any colder I shall put the fleece unions on, too. We are using woolen blankets for sheets; what do you think of that? Wouldn't

the wool scratch in a close room? The blankets are solid comfort in a tent in this altitude, especially when it rains.

Last night a ground squirrel ran across Maud's face. She thought it was a mouse and screamed as if she were being hurt. Mr. Mack got up to see what was happening and when he assured Maud it was only one of the pretty little squirrels she quieted down and fell asleep. Another little beast of the same family chewed a fancy edge all along one side of Professor's leather belt. I shall be very careful, hereafter, to keep my camera out of the little rascals' reach.

Later.

I just finished making fudge. It's good, too, even without cream. Must put my pen away so I can enjoy eating the candy with the others. One really craves sweets in camp.

Vi.

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Thursday, Same old camp.

We were awakened this morning by the happy shout, "Wake up and see the sun shine!" Everyone was happy and got dressed in a hurry to be ready for pancakes and bacon. Mr. Mack, Maud and I usually take turns baking the cakes because it takes so many to satisfy the men. This morning the Ex-dyspeptic felt so good natured he wanted to see if he couldn't flop them the way Joe used to do. He was too slow and the cake fell to the ground, but he was determined, and, in spite of our protests against such a waste of the precious batter, he kept on trying until he finally landed one into the griddle and shouted, "I've done it!" as proudly as if he had performed a feat which would bring him renown.

The Brooklynite and the Handy Man insisted upon having the privilege of drying the dishes so Maud said she'd wash them. They had a hilarious time doing it, and banged the tins and threw the cloths at each other till our Guide chased them all away and finished the task himself.

Maud declares she has cured the Bostonian for good and

all time of the "noo-matic habit," and I really think she has. The heartless mischief unscrewed the valve again last night and the poor Spinster had to get up in the cold to pump. Maud pretended that she was awakened by the noise of the pump and asked sleepily, "What's the matter, Miss Boyd?" "O," she replied, "the temperature is affecting my mattress, that's all."

Maud was determined to make a lasting cure this time so when the Spinster was in her second sleep that persistent girl got up again and unscrewed the valve a second time, but she gave it only two or three little turns so that it did not entirely collapse until morning.

To make the matter more aggravating, Maud repeated on every occasion, all morning, the fact that the temperature was collapsing the expensive "noo-matic" and she feared the poor lady would have to sleep on the cold ground, and then she would get pneumonia and all the ground squirrels would nibble at her. Poor Spinster has been worried about that mattress all day. Several times, when she thought we were not noticing, she punched it to see if it was holding the air.

I fear you, my very proper little mother, will think we Westerners (note how I class myself) are unkind to our dignified Eastern friends when I tell you of another joke we played today. The Ex-dyspeptic complained of being cold at night. He said to Professor, "That fur robe you let me use last night helped some, but now, you know, if I had a bed fellow I could share some of his natural heat."

Maud's quick Celtic brain thought of mischief at once. She called the Handy Man to one side and they held a whispered conference. I am still shaking so with laughter at the result of that consultation that I can scarcely write.

What do you suppose that scheming pair did? They got the little lamb we had noticed in the corral near the Ranger's cabin and when the rest of us were all in Professor's tent, playing somerset and eating fudge, they gagged the little animal, tied its feet and put it into the Ex-dyspeptic's bed.

Maud had let the Brooklynite and me into the secret so we stayed up to see the fun. When the Ex-dyspeptic entered his tepee we stole around behind some trees to watch proceedings. Pretty soon we heard our unsuspecting friend say to himself, "My, O, this does feel cozy." Then I imagine he snuggled up to his warm bed fellow for he gave one cry and, a second later, a shivering figure in pajamas stood out in the light of the camp fire. Maud put her hand over my mouth to keep me from laughing and the Handy Man stepped out from behind the tree and asked, "What's the matter, Mr. Moore, are you sick?" "No, not sick," he gasped, "but there is a bear in my bed. Won't you get a lantern, please?"

"Sure I will," replied the Handy Man. "Here, you just throw my big coat over you, put my rubbers on and go over to the fire till I get a gun and a light."

The victim of the joke didn't prove to be such a coward as we expected. Maud had planned to have the Handy Man get the lamb from the tepee while the New Yorker was seeking a place of safety, but he insisted upon holding the flap of the tepee tightly together so the bear could not escape while the Handy Man went to the wagon for a gun. The latter succeeded, however, in surreptitiously removing the gag and cutting the twine which bound the lamb's feet by reaching under the rear of the tepee while the Ex-dyspeptic was waiting for him to return with the gun. The released animal gave one bound, struck the flap, which the frightened man let go with a yell, and was off through the woods in a flash.

"What was it?" gasped the Ex-dyspeptic. "It looked to me like a sheep or a goat," spoke up the Brooklynite, who did not want the victim to be nervous the rest of the night. "Didn't it look like a goat to you?" he asked of the Handy Man. "It was only a lamb, I saw it distinctly," he replied. "Come, we'll see if we can't find something to prove it. As he said that he reached into the tepee and found a little wad of wool which he had cut when he severed the rope. The frightened man was convinced and said, "I suppose the little

beast must have gone into my tepee and lain down on the soft blanket while I was over getting the fur robe. I remember distinctly I threw the door flap back before I went. Now that's quite a joke on me, dawn't you know."

We had a big wash day in camp today. We did not dare to soak our khaki skirts completely for fear they would not dry in time, but each of us washed the mud from the bottom of hers and rubbed some of the larger spots. Each lady also washed her own handkerchiefs and underwear. Mr. Mack drove some poles into the ground near the big pine fire and fastened a rope to them so our clothes could dry quickly. It was well he did so, for it began to shower before the last piece was quite dry. When our washing was done we women went into our tent to read, and the Brooklynite, thinking we were well out of sight, took the pail and soap back of his tepee, and, stripping off his top shirt, began to rub a suit of under garments.

Maud spied him while she was going over to get Mrs. White's thread so she came back for her kodak and snapped what she called a "man wash woman." He certainly looked funny as he stooped over the pail, vigorously sousing the garment.

While we were preparing dinner it showered again so our Guide moved the stove close to the tent door to make it easier to serve the food. The heat from the stove warmed the tent so well that we kept it burning all afternoon and were comfortable as need be in spite of the chilly breeze.

We were treated to several showers all afternoon, but a clear sunset this evening prophesied a bright day tomorrow.

It is very late; the Spinster and Maud are asleep and I should be.

Vi.

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#### Friday, and Sheridan Camp.

I was awakened this morning by the voice of our Guide loudly singing, "There is sunshine in my soul." There was also sunshine on the tent, and I was glad.

At breakfast our Guide set his tin plate of wheat porridge on a box while he served the coffee, and the Ex-dyspeptic, who is near sighted, sat down on it. It was the first time I have ever seen our Guide's temper ruffled in the least bit, but he regained his usual good humor as soon as I reminded him that there were some shredded wheat biscuits in the mess box. The corduroy trousers just had one more spot for decoration.

You remember, Mother, I told you how disappointed I was in not being able to get a corduroy riding suit. Well, I find that the men's corduroys show and hold dirt as readily as our khaki skirts. The next time I go camping I shall have a medium gray water proof or cravenetted suit.

I never dreamed camping would be so hard on clothes. Each of us has already worn out a pair of gloves, the men will soon have to put on their reserve trousers, Professor has worn a hole into his boot sole, and our straw hats are a sight; but who cares? The sun shines and tomorrow the roads will permit of slow traveling.

We spent the morning airing bedding and the clothes which had been packed in our cases. Our walking skirts were badly wrinkled so we heated the solitary iron and pressed them. It was a slow process with but one iron.

Mr. Mack went over to the lumber camp in the hope of securing some fresh meat but did not succeed. He related a story, when he returned, which has depressed me considerably.

Last November, nine months ago, a hunter named Allen was caught in a blizzard while he was hunting big game on top of the Divide. A day or two after the blizzard a dog came to the Smith Ranch. He seemed almost famished. Mr. Smith recognized the dog and, suspecting what had happened, he went out in search of his friend's body, but found no trace of him excepting his camp outfit.

Liberal rewards were offered by Allen's wife and friends for the recovery of his body and several searching parties



scoured the vicinity of the deserted camp, but in vain. Again in the late spring, when the mountain snows were melting, a party went out to search for the body, but met with no success.

Last week a party of students, who are taking the same trip as we are, stopped on top of the Divide to rest and lunch. One of their number wandered off a few rods and came unexpectedly upon the remains of the lost hunter. A small snow bank, part of which still covered his head, told plainly why the body had not been discovered sooner.

It was quite evident that the hunter had become confused in the raging blizzard, lost his bearings and, becoming exhausted, either fell or lay down and was soon completely covered by a heavy bank of snow, which did not melt until the hot days of July came.

When the student discovered the body it was still frozen and in an excellent state of preservation, but here's the sad part of the recovery. Instead of taking the body back to Allen's friends while it was still in good condition, the Guide tacked a card describing the location to a tree near the road. He notified the first man he reached as to the ghastly discovery. The man was a trapper and as soon as he could he rode back over the Divide and notified the men at the lumber camp. They prepared a rude casket and went up for the body. The rains had made traveling very slow and by the time they reached the body the hot July sun had done its work and it was in a sad state of decay.

It may be several days yet before my diary letters are mailed. I shall tuck them under the Ranger's door when we pass there in the morning with the request that he mail them when he goes to Dubois for supplies.

Don't worry about me, Mother dear; I am in excellent health and in spite of rain and a few other discomforts, I have not for an instant regretted that I started out on a six-week horseback ride. So far, for me at least, the discomforts have been far outweighed by the pleasures; however,

if you have a friend who contemplates taking a similar trip, weigh her well before you advise. Study her disposition, her power of physical endurance and the amount of appreciation of natural scenery she possesses.

If your friend does not rank high in the first named qualification, advise her to go by rail to Cody or Gardiner and there join one of the regularly licensed five or six-day camping outfits. If she lacks in both the first and the second endowments, send her as directly as you can to join the Park hotel parties. (But she must have money to do that.) If the friend is so unfortunate as to be deficient in all three of the qualifications to which I have alluded, by all means tell her to check her trunk to some comfortable and well appointed summer resort. But don't fail to warn everyone contemplating a trip to the Park to take some warm clothing.

I must get my belongings ready for an early camp breaking in the morning, so au revoir.

Violet.

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#### Brook's Lake Camp, Sunday, Aug 4.

Too tired last night to write a line. Such a strenuous day as it was. We understand now why our Guide was so anxious about the roads when the rains continued so long. I can never, never forget that mountain climb and we are not yet to the top of the Wind River Divide.

We left our Sheridan camp at 8:30 and began at once to pull up hill. Mr. Mack fastened an extra single-tree to the end of the wagon tongue and the Handy Man rode and guided the strong packhorse which they hitched to it. I offered to saddle pull for Professor, but the Brooklynite insisted upon trying it himself. The pony he rode had a weak back, fretted so much and was so slow in responding to the guiding rein, that he nearly got them into trouble. Professor then saddle-pulled with one of his own ponies and let the Brooklynite try his hand at driving.

The Easterner proved to be a capital hand with the ribbons.

I assure you it takes no small degree of skill, either, to drive a team up that slippery grade with its many mud holes, ruts, loose stones and old tree stumps. Every few rods the brake had to be clamped, and the horses held in for a breathing spell. Great care had to be used in starting them each time so that both the team and the saddle pony would start up at the same instant.

One of our Guide's horses gave us a bit of excitement which we do not want him to repeat. He was once considered an outlaw and was used in bucking contests. That crazy circus horse balked, backed and threatened to throw himself over a steep pitch. Our Guide never seemed to get in the least excited and after seeing the skillful way in which he managed that ex-outlaw, I'd trust Mr. Mack to handle the wildest span which it is possible to drive.

We had not been long on the road before the clouds gathered and it hailed and rained alternately the greater part of the day. We girls were not able to ride in the wagon for shelter because the load was greater than the poor horses ought to pull on such steep and muddy roads. The Brooklynite changed places with me during one of the hailstorms, but it was such hard work to manipulate the brake and took such close watching to keep from sliding into the deep ruts that I was glad to get back on my pony.

It took us until four o'clock to reach the first available camping place and in all that time we had traveled only eight miles. Everybody was cold, tired and hungry; but, in a remarkably short time, the Handy Man had a roaring pine fire, our Guide had the tents up, and the Brooklynite had a fire in the camp stove. Mrs. White was the only really dry member of the party so she prepared the canned soup and the beans while the rest of us dried out at the big fire. I tumbled into bed immediately after dinner so weary that I forgot to say my prayers. But O, this glorious Sunday has more than repaid me for yesterday's hardships.

To visit Brook's Lake one must take a side trip. It is

about four miles from the main road and as it is quite difficult to take a wagon to it, we did not move camp, but all went up on ponies.

It was a bright, pretty morning and at ten o'clock we started through the forest of pines and spruce. We soon came out into Animal's Paradise, a large open space covered with blue grass, nut grass, and wild clover. This wild clover has a white blossom similar to that in our lawn at home but it has a pointed leaf. No wonder that tourists' horses which have pastured here over night have been known to come back the following night, a distance of nine miles, for another big feast. Fat cattle were grazing in the rich valley and there were a number of deer tracks, though we did not see any of the latter named animals. It needed a band of elk or deer peering through the pines which bordered the Animal's Paradise to complete the picture.

But O, the flowers! We rode over the most exquisite natural carpet I ever expect to see. Even the Spinster's expensive Oriental rugs, I am sure, were not so rich in coloring as was the rich green grass studded and figured with myriads of the most dainty, most brilliant flowers I have ever seen. Maud, the Brooklynite and I picked twenty-one varieties which we put into the saddle pocket and pressed in magazines when we got back to camp this evening.

They were the kind of flowers one usually finds in the Middle-west, and in other parts of the Rockies, but I am sure I never saw them in the lower altitudes so delicate and so rich in coloring as these. Mother mine, how I wish I could transplant for you some of the beautiful white columbines. I never knew before that there were white ones. The Ex-dyspeptic is quite up on botany and is sure the flower to which I refer is a columbine. It is such a delicate, pure white blossom that it seemed almost a sacrilege to pick it. I pressed the one the Brooklynite gave me so that you can analyze it.

The strange part about this great flower garden is that

there are those which ordinarily blossom in the spring right next to the mid-summer varieties. In one small patch I picked a strawberry blossom, a snowy daisy, a hare-bell and an aster. Mr. Mack thinks the late spring accounts for that in a measure.

We passed several mounds which looked like deposits of lava. At our left was Lava Mountain and at our right was the serrated wall of rock which borders the lake.

As we neared our destination we made quite a climb, then down again a short distance and into view of the beautiful Brook's Lake.

What artist can ever hope to paint like the Master artist? The peaceful body of clear water lies in a natural hollow, encircled by mountains and a Gibraltar-like wall and is fringed with pines.



Gibraltar at Brook's Lake.

We women rested while the men fished. Then we feasted on delicious trout cooked in a Dutch oven by our Handy Man. I don't suppose, Mother, that you have ever seen a camper's Dutch oven. It is merely a heavy round kettle with little feet and a pan-like lid. The oven is set on hot coals. Hot coals are also placed on the lid. I am sure I never be-

fore ate trout which tasted as good as those did. We had carried crackers, canned sweet potatoes and tea in the pack, and enjoyed quite a spread.

There is a leaky row-boat on the shore of the lake and we took turns rowing. The lady baled the water with an old can while her companion rowed. It was great fun.

The energetic Handy Man went to the Upper Lake, a distance of about three miles, and caught seventeen trout, upon which we shall feast tomorrow.



**"Here we ate the delicious trout cooked in the Dutch oven."**

The sunshine, the delicious ozone, and the charm of the beautiful scenery seemed to get into everyone's blood. The Spinster forgot her grievance against the New Yorker and sat on a saddle blanket with him for nearly an hour while mischievous Maud, in the absence of her partner, took the Ex-dyspeptic away to help her get a picture of the Gibraltar while the sun was just right. Then thoughtful little Mrs. White left the cozy bed Professor had made of his saddle blanket and coat, and let the Spinster tell her all about the Swiss lakes she had visited.

The Brooklynite wandered off behind the hill and came back to where I sat writing and said, "I have found them: I was sure they were here." "What did you find?" I asked. "Come

and see," he said, as he extended his hand to help me rise from my seat on the grass. When we reached the hill side he said. "There they are." I stooped down and said, "Why, these are only a few common blue violets." "Never common," he replied, "but always sweet and modest. Keep a couple for your collection and give the rest to me, please." Which merely proves that the ozone was getting into his blood also.

Someone remarked on our way back to camp: "Our most



Looking Across Brook's Lake.

delightful days have been Sundays." "Yes, said Mrs. White, "That is because our Guide was Christian enough to promise that the horses would not have to pull the heavy loads on the Sabbath unless it was really necessary."

The evening is quite chilly and I am quite near the camp fire. The harmony of Mand's sweet soprano, the Brooklynite's rich tenor, and Professor's deep bass makes a beautiful ending to a glorious day.

V. C.

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Camp Jackson Lake, Wed. Aug. 7, 1912.

I was too tired Monday night to write, and last night it rained and we were so chilly we retired early.

Monday morning our Guide shouted, "Smile before you

wash your faces, girls; it will freeze on and you'll look pleasant all day." It proved to be a most trying day and we had occasion more than once to depend on those cold storage smiles.

It was so cold when we got up that there was a coating of ice on the water in the bucket and the fish were stiff. My fingers actually ached when I took hold of the cold tins. Think of that for August temperature! Strange to say, the flowers along the road were still fresh and brilliant and did not seem to have been in the least injured by the cold night. If we had had such cold weather at home in Ohio our flowers would have turned black and would have drooped.



"Near the Summit we picked forget-me-nots which grew near a pocket of snow."

We climbed up hill steadily all forenoon after leaving our Brook's Lake Camp, but the hills were not so steep as those on the other side of that camp. Tiny brooks from numerous springs crossed and recrossed the road every few rods and were to blame for a number of bad mud-holes.

Below the road, about three-fourths of a mile from the Summit, was a large pocket of snow. We who were on horseback rode down to it and had a snowball battle. At the very edge of the snowbank the Brooklynite picked a dear little blue forget-me-not. He handed it to me, saying as he did



so, "There, now, we are even." "How did you know I love the dainty beauties?" I asked. "It is only natural," he replied, "that a violet should love a forget-me-not."

When we began to mount the hill again, after our August snow battle, we noticed that the wagons had turned out of the road.

"Look, look," cried the Ex-dyspeptic, with more animation than I had ever seen him show before, "A White Steamer! How in the name of all that is possible did that auto ever pull up that steep, slippery grade through all those mud holes? Just see her work! The thing trembles like a living beast. How the mud flies! There, she's hub deep. Out, by jingo! My, but that's skillful driving! Did you notice how he turned to avoid that mud hole and came within a hair-breadth of hitting that stump? Now watch it tug up that long, steep hill. I didn't know there was a machine made could do that."

The White Steamer was soon out of sight, but the occupants stopped for the night just where we had planned to stop, so we had them for neighbors. We learned that they were going as far as this (Jackson Lake) and from here in wagon to the Yellowstone as no automobiles are allowed in the Park.

As we neared the Summit we came out into an open country and my! how cold the wind was! I was once more grateful to Professor for compelling me to carry the heavy unions which I had put on before we left the Brook's Lake Camp. The Ex-dyspeptic proved himself to be more unselfish than I had expected when he took off his sheepskin riding coat and tried to insist that I wear it. I knew I could stand the cold better than he so I fibbed a little and told him I wasn't as cold as I looked.

At last, a little after noon, we reached the top of the great Wind River Divide, 9,658 feet above sea level. Tacked to a tree near the road, we saw the card the tourist guide had placed there after the student discovered the lost hunter's

body. It reads: "Allen's body lies  $3\frac{1}{2}$  mi. a little W. of N."

From the Summit we went down grade a short distance and entered the beautiful narrow valley of the first river which flows toward the Pacific, the Black Rock. While we were on this hill which leads down to the valley we got our first view of the magnificent silvery Tetons. They look more like real mountains than any I have yet seen because the peaks stand out alone, and the appearance of height is not diminished by the gradual slope of the surrounding country as is nearly always the case in the Rockies.

Our Guide said the Tetons were named in the eighteenth century by French trappers and he is not sure whether they were named for a tribe of Indians or not. Three majestic peaks rise from the Range. The highest is called the Great Teton and is 13,762 feet high. I shall be able to recognize the picture of the middle peak, Mt. Moran, anywhere because of its great central snow pocket. I wonder how many, many years that snow has been accumulating there.

We passed a wagon which looked almost new standing beside the road. It contained an empty suit case, and a magnificent elk head. I thought we had come upon a scene of another tragedy, but Mr. Mack said the hunter who owned that wagon, a Thermopolis man, had been unable to pull out of a snow drift last fall so he left the wagon with its contents and, leading one horse, he rode home on the other. I asked why he had not come for his wagon when the snows melted and Mr. Mack replied that it was so far from any town it would have cost almost the value of the wagon to haul it away.

We saw our first band of elk in the Black Rock Valley and the two Eastern men raced up to the wagon to get guns. "Hold on, boys," said our Guide, "I'm not looking for trouble. It's not the first of September yet and that man driving the White Steamer ahead, is the state game warden."

We girls had been on the lookout for a cabin or house of some kind ever since we left the Ranger's at Sheridan Creek

in the hope of getting bread and butter, but not a house of any kind had we seen. Monday night when we went into camp I was just too tired and achy to bake biscuits, so the Handy Man tried his luck at it, with really good success. Now, there's a man who will make some good woman an ideal husband, but I do not believe that Maud will be that woman, although, just now, they certainly seem to be infatuated with each other. If Maud really cares deeply for him she will miss him sorely when he leaves us tomorrow to follow the trail to Idaho.



"We saw our first band of elk in the Black Rock Valley."

The automobile left us early yesterday morning, but we came unexpectedly upon it again at ten mired hub deep in a terrible mud-hole. The men all went to work and made a short stretch of corduroy road of branches and young trees and then the horses pulled the auto out.

Our Guide's wagon was the next to get stuck and one wheel was so badly dished that we feared we'd have to pitch the tents right where we were and wait until some of the men could bring a wheel from Moran, but our Handy Man came to the rescue. He had the men pry and pull the wheel into shape while he wired pieces of saplings to the spokes. When he got through, the dished wheel was a comical sight, but

the strongest one on the wagon. Mr. Mack says that wheel will pull us back to Lander. We lost two good hours while the crippled wheel was being operated upon, but the sun shone and we had a good time under the pines.

We traveled for some distance in the valley of the Buffalo. That stream is not in the least like the rivers of the Atlantic slope, with its placid waters, its wide bed, and pebbly banks.

We had been warned that flies and mosquitoes would be very troublesome in this valley, but, thanks to the cold rains, we were not troubled by either one.

Our last night's camp gave us an excellent view of the Tetons and I feasted my eyes on them again this morning when they were bathed in sunlight.

We came to a house at last; in fact, we camped right next to one last night. We bought milk, potatoes, onions and lettuce. I am sure I never before made salad which was enjoyed as much as that I made for dinner. But not a loaf of bread or a bit of butter could we get.

As we neared Moran we passed a forest ranger's cabin and a couple of ranch houses. Everywhere we begged bread but either they were just mixing the sponge or hadn't any to spare. We were not much depressed by our disappointment, however, because we felt sure the town we were nearing would supply all our needs and, too, we had the long-looked for letters from home to look forward to.

Shortly after noon we reached Charley Allen's road house and store. Our Guide halted and cried, "All out here for supplies." "But why purchase our supplies here," we asked, "when we reach the town so soon?" Our genial Guide laughed and turning to me, said, "Best stock up here, assistant, there may be a rush on at Moran." We bought syrup, preserves, canned goods, and a ham, but Mrs. Allen had neither bread nor butter. When she saw our disappointment she promised to have a liberal supply of both for us tomorrow and

our Handy Man volunteered to ride back for them in the morning.

If we were disappointed in the city of Dubois, we were certainly disgusted with the size of Moran. Strictly speaking, it is merely the postoffice which is a little room in the rear of the office of B. F. Sheffield, owner and manager of the Sheffield Hunting and Fishing Lodge. The lodge lies just below the great government irrigation ditch dam which forms an artificial bank of the picturesque Jackson Lake. The lodge consists of a small hotel, a few log cabins, and a row of tents.



The Government Irrigation Dam at Jackson Lake.

Water falls from the dam in beautiful cascades. The lake snuggles at the base of the grand snow-capped Mt. Moran and I should have guessed it to be about two miles wide and four or five long, but Mr. Mack claims it is eight miles wide and twenty long. He says the lake, which lies at an altitude of 6,790 feet, is merely an enlargement in the Snake river. It was named in the second decade of the nineteenth century by the head of a trapping company for his partner, David Jackson. The valley, or the Jackson Hole country, was named for the same man.

The Ex-dyspeptic hired Mr. Sheffield to take our party across the lake in the gasoline launch, but Maud spied some row boats, and looking at the Handy Man, she said, "I'd

so much rather row." "So would I," he replied. "Good," said Maud. "Come on, Mr. Abbott, we need you to help row and Vi. must come to balance the boat. I wanted to go out in the row boat very much, but thought it ruder to the New Yorker and said as much. Maud, in her impulsive way, turned to the New Yorker and said, "You don't mind, Mr. Moore, do you, if Violet goes with us?" He made a very polite reply and I went with Maud.

Next summer, Mother mine, you and I will come up to the lodge to rest and fish and we'll spend hours on the picturesque lake.

We rowed out about three miles and forgot that we were ever hot and tired, or wet and cold; forgot there was anything in this world but beauty, peace and joy. (The sunset on the water, you see, had the same effect as moonlight.)

Maud began to sing, the Brooklynite chimed in with his fine tenor and I carried the alto. You know how well even mediocre voices sound on water, but Maud's sweet soprano blended so well with the Brooklynite's splendid tenor they made music to thrill one. The men stopped rowing awhile and let the boat drift. When the song was ended the Brooklynite said, "Miss Chester, had we known you possess so rare a contralto we would never have permitted you to write while the rest of us were singing around the camp fire. You have cheated us out of many a rich treat."

Our camp is pitched on a hill above the lodge, but the Spinster has deserted us for the time we are to remain here and is boarding and lodging at the hotel. Poor thing does get so tired of camping, but the rest of us, the Ex-dyspeptic included, like camp life better every day. Mamsey, are you sure there isn't a strain of Gypsy in me? It would surprise you how the Professor's little wife is gaining in health and strength.

The night watchman at the dam is a famous fisherman and really, Mother, you'd think he had stepped out of someone's art collection for he's just the type of angler that artists love

to paint. I wish you might have seen the trout he brought for our supper. It weighed six pounds. This morning our Guide and the Handy Man got up at five to fish. They caught two four pounders and one which weighed five pounds.

Fishermen here use big suckers for bait. They are very plentiful in the lake. The trout grab at a three inch cube of sucker meat as a dog grabs meat, then the fisherman lets the line down vertically into the water to drown the fish before he tries to land him. That is the way the large trout are caught, the small ones can be landed without first being drowned, of course. I tried my luck at fishing, but caught nothing but suckers; Maud, though, caught four or five small trout.

Our Guide's horses strayed off during the night and he is out now searching for them. The Handy Man and Maud took advantage of the delay and went to the Allen store for the bread and butter which Mrs. Allen promised to have for us. The bread looks good, but it ought to at twenty cents a loaf.

It is now eleven o'clock and our Guide is coming up the hill with the lost horses. I think I better put my pen away and prepare lunch while he pulls the tents down so we need not be delayed longer than necessary. It would be delightful to spend a week here but everyone is anxious to get to the Park, besides we shall camp here again on our return trip.

We all received mail here at Moran and all had several letters to send East. Inclosed you will find Clyde's last letter to me. He begins to realize that I am not as much in love with him as a girl contemplating marriage should be, and really, Mother, I judge from the tone of his letter that it isn't a great blow to him. I wrote to him last night telling him that I fear we can never be more than good friends. I wonder now that I never so fully realized it before.

By the way, Mother, we are not to lose our Handy Man here after all. He has decided that he may as well go with us as far as the Western Entrance to the Park and there take

the Yellowstone road. We are all happy to have his company so much longer.

Will mail this today as we leave the Lodge. We are now twenty-five miles from the Southern Entrance to the Park and no more postal stations till we get there.

Your affectionate and happy daughter,  
Violet.

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Camp Snake River, Thursday, Aug. 8. Ten miles from Yellowstone Park.

A glorious day for riding and a beautiful road along the Snake River; little wooded places alternating with clearings, and little ponds upon which swim ducks and pelicans. It seemed a pity that we, who are hungry for fresh meat, should not be permitted to shoot the birds which were so plentiful, but we are now in the government game preserve and there is a heavy penalty for violation of the game laws.

I presume they have to prohibit hunting here because the Park animals often stray out along this river. When I alluded to the game preserve the Ex-dyspeptic, who as usual was my riding companion, bet me a box of chocolates that the correct term is *reserve*. A sign on the next bridge we reached proved that Uncle Sam speaks of forest *reserves* and game *preserves*, so I have a box of chocolates coming.

There are some bad mud-holes along the Snake River which the government could corduroy at very little expense, and, thereby, not only add to the pleasure of tourists, but to their safety, as well.

When the great dam was built at Jackson Lake so that the water of the Snake could be used for irrigation over in Idaho, the river encroached upon its banks and deluged several ranches. We explored one house today which was once the home of a prosperous rancher. The barns and corral are all under water and the once fertile fields are now a part of the river's bed. Uncle Sam must have been obliged to pay heavy damage snits.



Traveling was so easy today that no one got tired and now they are all clamoring for fudge so I shall have to stop writing.

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Camp Lewis River, Yellowstone Park, Friday, Aug. 9, 1912.

In Yellowstone Park at last, hurrah!

We drove into the Southern Entrance at one P. M. The morning ride was uneventful save one little scare we got while climbing a very narrow road on a very steep pitch. A buggy containing a man, his wife and baby, had to turn out of the road to let our heavier wagon pass. The buggy fairly hung on the incline and once, when the wheels began to slip, a sudden "get up" from the driver is all that saved the occupants of that vehicle from being plunged down to the bottom. This dangerous bit of road is in the government preserve.

Mother mine, how do you think you would enjoy touring the Park with a young babe in a single seated buggy, with tent and bedding strapped on behind, and mess box fastened to the dashboard in front?

One little incident of the morning was the means of making a member of our party happy, and proved the proverbial honesty of the pioneer. Several years ago a man who was working with our Handy Man borrowed twenty dollars of him. He left Lander soon after and our friend never expected to see his money again, in fact the incident had entirely gone out of his mind. We were passing a camp outfit when the driver shouted, "Hello, Ernie!" Our Handy Man looked closely at the stranger and recognized in him the man who years ago had borrowed the twenty dollars.

They chatted awhile and then the stranger said, "By the way, Ernie, I haven't forgotten those two ten spots." Then he pulled a wad of greenbacks from his pocket and handed two of them to our elated friend.

Our Spinster was sorely disappointed when we came to a common board sign which informed us that we had entered

Yellowstone Park. She had expected to see some very imposing gateway to mark the entrance.

A small log house, with cots in the office and in the adjoining room serves as soldiers' quarters and registration bureau. A cultured young foreigner is in command here over six boys of Troop E. They are the patrolling force of the southern part of the Park.

The camp and the soldiers were very neat and the latter were very courteous. While the men were registering and having the guns stowed away the cavalry boys brought chairs for the comfort of the ladies and set the phonograph going for our entertainment. You know unsealed guns are not allowed in the Park, so our Guide left all the guns at Snake River Station except the one belonging to our Handy Man, and his gun was securely sealed by means of a strong wire which the commander wound around the trigger. The owner of a sealed gun must report at every soldier station which he passes to have the seal examined. If it has been tampered with there is apt to be trouble.

There are squads of soldiers at various stations along the main circuit of the Park and it is their duty to patrol their districts for the protection of tourists and also to guard the animals and other park property.

We were surprised and disappointed at not finding a postal station at the Soldier Station. We had planned to purchase cards just as soon as we entered Yellowstone to send to our friends. One of the soldiers very kindly robbed his card album for us, so we each wrote one or more messages and left the cards for the boys to mail when they went out on patrol duty. They go in pairs and two were out while we were at the Station so we did not get to meet them. The young man in command kindly consented to have the boys carry any mail which chanced to come to Snake River for us to the next station with the request that the soldiers there forward it in case we pass that station before the mail reaches it.

When we left, the boys begged us to plan to camp near the station at least one night on our return trip and promised to have what they called "a big time" ready for us. They said we were the first jolly bunch which had registered there and that the other parties had been surly and stiff necked. You see few parties, comparatively speaking, come in at the Southern Entrance, so the boys do not see many tourists, and I don't wonder they get lonely, isolated as they are. They dread the long winter for they are located here for a year, from July to July. The season for regular touring parties closes in September or October.

We girls are going to coax our Guide to camp near the Snake River station when we come back so we can make fudge for the boys. Mand, the heartless coquette, smiled and joked her way right into the hearts of two of the soldiers and they robbed their uniforms of pins and their trunks of souvenirs for her. I think our Handy Man regretted, for the time, that he had changed his plans, but our Irish lassie had him all jollied up again before we had left Snake River station more than five miles behind us.

Our visit with the soldiers cost us more than an hour's loss of time, but the day was fine and, if necessary, we should not mind being on the road an hour later than usual. Before we left the commander gave us maps and Park rules and regulations, which will no doubt be of assistance, especially the pamphlet which locates camping places and states the distances between points of interest.

The first place of special interest on our route was Moose Falls. They are but a short distance from the soldier station. A small sign indicates the path. We dismounted and followed the path which led back into the woods a few rods to the Falls. They are only about thirty feet high, but are quite pretty. When I focused my camera on them our Guide said, "O, don't waste your films on these little things, you'll see some that are really worth while when we get farther in."

After we left the Falls we began a long, weary climb on a very rough road and through a dead forest, at least the larger trees were all dead. Many of the trees which lie on the ground look charred, showing that an immense forest fire must at one time have visited this vicinity, but the pity of it is that the young pines look sick, and I fear some blight is taking them; if that is the case, I hope the government will hew them down before the blight is spread to other forests of the Park. I think there must be three miles of this desolate pine graveyard and O, how the flies did torment the



Moose Falls are the first attraction when one goes in at the Southern Entrance.

poor horses while we were traveling through it! Professor remarked that it was to be expected that they should consider themselves especially privileged since they are government flies. I am sure no politician or office seeker ever pestered or stuck closer than those awful tormentors did.

We were glad to come out of the gloomy forest and down to the beautiful Lewis River. At first it is a rushing, foaming river confined to its bed by a wall of rock, then it becomes a silent, peaceful stream with grassy banks.

We were obliged to travel later than we wished because of the fact that we failed earlier to find a suitable camp

ground. There are always four things at least, to consider when locating a camp; dry ground, good water, fuel, and pasturage. At last, at six we pitched our present camp, but O, the mosquitoes are awful; the worst we have met since leaving the barnyard near Warm Springs Creek. But these are Government mosquitoes.

A man traveling from Idaho with two sons came to our Guide to borrow tools. He is doing considerable grumbling at Uncle Sam because he does not keep his roads in better condition. He broke the double-trees of his wagon and is now making a new one by the light of the camp fire.

I am weary. Good night.

V. C.

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Camp Arnica Creek, Saturday.

I am glad I dated some of these diary letters, for all of the rest of our party insisted that this is only Friday. They would not be convinced until we met a party of people from Pennsylvania on their way through the Southern Entrance to Jackson Lake, who proved to them that I am right.

We left camp at nine and in an hour came upon the Lewis River Falls, which are in plain sight from the road. They are wider than the Moose Falls, but not quite so high. Soon after leaving the Falls we followed the east bank of Lewis Lake. This lake seemed like a very ordinary body of water after we had seen the more picturesque Brook's and Jackson Lakes. A stiff, cool breeze which was blowing from the lake gave us relief from the mosquitoes. Up to that time we had made free use of the citronella.

The roads we travelled today were fair with the exception of one rough hill. There were also two very bad approaches to bridges. One of them dropped abruptly several inches and a tourist wagon just ahead of us broke its reach when the rear wheels dropped from the bridge.

We arrived at the Thumb at two P. M. It is so called because it is a little bay or thumb of the Yellowstone lake. The lake is about fifteen by twenty miles in size and is the

largest body of water in North America at so high an altitude, 7741 feet. They have never been able to sound this lake, but in spite of its great depth, it is so sheltered by the Absaroka range that its surface is seldom very rough. The Yellowstone River is the sole outlet of this lake.

A low, rambling lunch station faces the bay. Here we bought guide books and postals. The manager told us to leave our cards and said she would have them taken across the lake in the steam launch to the postal station.

This is the first point we have reached which is on the regular circuit traveled by all the licensed stages and we noticed at once the improved condition of the roads. We also began to see greater numbers of tourists.

A few steps from the Thumb Lunch Station are the Paint Pots. They are certainly a queer freak; holes in the ground filled with boiling mud; some delicate pink and others a pearl white, and all of them in a constant state of agitation with their funny little bubbles and cones rising and bursting above the surface. Maud said she longed to take her shoes and stockings off to let the pretty warm mud ooze up between her toes.

A round cone projecting out above the surface of the Thumb, not far from shore, attracted our attention, so we consulted our guide books and found it to be the Fishing Cone, so named because fishermen stood on the edge of the Basin, fished trout from the cold water of the bay and cooked them in the Cone. Our Guide laughed and said, "That water temperature is a little exaggerated, besides Uncle Sam doesn't stand for anyone cooking fish in his Cone dishes."

There are several small geysers at the Thumb, but the Lake Shore Geyser is the only one which did not disappoint us. We had expected every geyser to shoot a tall column of water high into the air, but, with the exception of the one I have named, they played only three or four feet above the ground. When we voiced our disappointment, Mr. Mack said, "Hold your patience in check awhile. I purposely

came around this way in order to reserve the best till the last. I'll show you some geyser stunts before I get through with this job, all right."

We girls had planned to take a plunge in the hot spring water, but Saturday is reserved for the employees of the Lunch Station and so we could not use the little shed they call the bath house. We visited the soldiers at the Thumb Station, but they were not so accommodating or sociable as the boys at Snake River Station. I presume it is because they see so many tourists here.



"We visited the boys at the Thumb Soldier Station."

The afternoon drive along the shore of the lake was beautiful and we were on the lookout for bears and other large animals roaming about at will. We saw no large game, nothing but some little wood chucks and some large birds which our Guide called camp robbers. The former are about the size of a cat with a head similar to that of a rat, thick reddish brown fur, and a bushy tail. They are very pretty little animals and those we saw were very bold.

Professor and the Handy Man were obliged to do some saddle-pulling on a gradual slope where the road was very heavy because of the soft sand.

The party of students who discovered the lost hunter's body passed us. They were homeward bound and were a tired, dusty looking lot. I think the party consisted of about thirty students, nine or ten camp helpers, and a lot of tired ponies, several of which were lame. I am so glad our Guide is so humane and does not rush us through as most of the licensed guides do.

I understand that the students pay three hundred fifty dollars for their trip, which, of course, does not include their railroad fare to or from Lander. They travel the same route that we do, but stay longer at Jackson Lake to fish.

We established our night camp here at Arnica Creek about five and a half miles from the Thumb Station. Some previous campers left boxes and boards, which we made into convenient tables for use at dinner and breakfast. They also left quite a supply of dry wood cut ready for the camp stove, for which our Handy Man is grateful. All we lack is grass for the horses.

We retire early to be rested for an early start tomorrow.

Vi.

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#### Camp Howard, Sunday, Aug. 11.

Contrary to our camp rules and regulations we made the horses pull the loads today, the Sabbath. It was all because of our Spinster's vanity and love of things to eat. She donned her best broadcloth suit and net waist and begged our Guide to move camp so that she might have Sunday lunch and dinner at the Lake Hotel. Our Guide said the roads were good and we could easily make it by noon, so if the rest of us gave our consent he would go as far as the hotel and would rest the horses all afternoon.

We offered no objections, to tell the truth, some of us were really glad of the changed program because we were anxious to get the letters from home which we were sure were waiting for us at the lake.

Our first stop was to take photographs of the Natural



Bridge, which is located about two-thirds of the distance between the Thumb Station and the Lake Hotel. It is not nearly so large or grand as the natural bridges we visited before entering the Park. This bridge spans a very narrow brook-let several feet above the road and one must climb to a point nearly opposite the bridge to appreciate its beauty. I was amused to see how many of the tourists in the regular licensed stages, merely stretch their necks a bit when their guide stops a moment to announce, "Natural bridge; abutments thirty feet and height of arch sixty feet."



The Natural Bridge is located between the Thumb and the Lake Hotel.

Near a sign post bearing the words, "Knotted Forest," we noticed several trees with large warts or knots on their trunks and we wondered if tree warts were so contagious that the first tree so marked had transmitted the peculiar blemish to its neighbors.

The drive along the lake was a pretty one. Large pelicans swam upon the water, and the Spinster said, "Well, now it begins to look like a park." A few rods from the hotel we spied two great grizzlies leisurely crossing the road. Maud screamed with delight which scared the big bears and they

escaped into the timber before we succeeded in getting our kodaks out of our saddle bags.

The first thing we did upon our arrival at the Lake Station was to inquire for our mail, but not a line was there for any of us; it was a regular postal station, too, and one we had mentioned to our relatives when we sent lists of offices where we should call for mail. Needless to say how disappointed I was not to hear from you, Mamsey.

Next thing on the program for the Spinster was to explore the Hotel, and she invited the Ex-dyspeptic to join her. The rest of us visited the Yellowstone Boat and Trading company's store. Here our Guide purchased bread at fifteen cents a loaf, butter, and a new ax, while we bought booklets of views and other souvenirs. The Brooklynite laid in such a store of candy that I shall not have to make fudge for several days.

The clerk in the store remarked that there would be only three or four tourists and a few regular boarders at the Hotel for lunch today as this was mainly a dinner station. Mand said, "Goody, then it will not matter that our skirts look so disreputable. Let us all take lunch there and call it a Dutch treat." (That expression means that each one pay his own bill.) We all consented with the exception of our Guide and the Professor, who said they would drive to the camping grounds a few rods back of the Hotel and feed the horses. They declared they would enjoy a lunch from the mess box more than the hotel meal anyhow.

The hotel is a big, handsome building and the furnishings are in excellent taste; the dining room is very daintily done in blue and white. We enjoyed our luncheon of cream tomato soup, lake trout and cold beef for which we were taxed one dollar and a quarter apiece and each of our three men gave the attentive waitress a fifty cent tip besides. I had three quarters in my hand, but quickly added two more. If all the Park hotels charge at that rate I assure you I shall always prefer camp fare hereafter for I have already spent

so much for souvenirs that my purse is quite slender. Anyhow, I'd much rather put my money in something I can carry home to enjoy with my friends than to give a lot of money to the hotel managers for more food for the stomach. (I paused in my writing to consult the government pamphlet of information and find that all the Park hotels are run under the same management and one dollar and a quarter per meal is the price charged in all.)

There are several camp companies who are under contract with the Park Department and have permanent camps. The Wylie Camps are usually located near the hotels. These camps consist of neat, large tents with broad floors and have stoves for use on cool mornings and nights. When you visit the Park, Mother, I think you will enjoy going by rail to Cody or Gardiner and there joining one of the six-day camp outfits. There are cheaper companies who make the trip in four or five days, but that is hurrying too fast to see anything, besides, the cheaper companies carry poorer tents and serve inferior food, so I am told.

Of course, none of the regular permanent camp companies take the side trips, but one has the privilege of hiring conveyances for those and joining the camp outfit later, only, of course, one would not be able in that way to travel with the same crowd after the delay. Then, too, if you want to stay a day or two at any place of special interest you may do so at the rate of three dollars a day extra.

Some of the camping companies which meet tourists at the railroad stations move their camps every day as we do. They carry their tents and cots in wagons and have big cook shacks on wheels. Of course, their tents are not so clean or comfortable as those of the permanent camps either.

Just as we had finished lunch our Guide came to tell us that we were going to move on. The wind from the Lake was so cold and the grass so short that the Lake camping grounds were not good or comfortable enough to warrant our staying since we could do much better by going on a few miles.

Our Spinster was greatly disappointed because she was, as she put it, "Cheated out of her civilized bed and bath." The rest of us were really glad, since there was nothing more to see in that immediate vicinity and the wind from the Lake penetrated so it made us shiver.

We went into camp about five and a half miles from the Lake, on the ground used as headquarters by General Howard while he was pursuing the Nez Perces Indians in 1877. The Indians had been killing trappers and General Howard had been sent to put a stop to their slaughter. There is a tiny hut near our camp which had been used by one of those pioneer trappers.



"The wind from Yellowstone Lake was so cold that we decided to move our camp."

The air is penetrated by a strong odor of sulphur and when we asked our Guide the cause of the smell he said it was because we were within a stone's throw of some of the "Old Boy's" work shops. "While Professor Preston and I take care of the ponies," he said, "yon genteel folks might take a run across the road and take a look at the big pot of mush the Imps are mixing up for supper for their Boss."

Sure enough, only a few rods from camp, we came upon the interesting mud volcano. Steam, boiling water, and mud which looks like soft mortar, are being constantly belched from a cave in the side of the mountain, accompanied by deep

muffled roars. A coating on trees nearby proves that at no very distant date there must have been a very violent eruption of mud.

On the opposite side of the road quite a large area is dotted with holes and little caves; some of them seething and hissing, and emitting steam; others roaring and filled with boiling, bubbling mud. One of the larger holes constantly blows mushrooms from its surface, which burst when the heads are well rounded out and spatters mud on every side. The "Old Boy" must have a horde of young imps at work here to fascinate and allure tourists. Mand whispered, "You bet I'll not forget to say my prayers tonight."

Some of the little holes in the ground were tinted yellow and the sediment tasted of sulphur, and one of them looked so much like alum that we tasted that crust also and, sure enough, the stuff puckered our mouths.

We noticed a large volume of steam rising from the ground a little farther up the road and upon investigation, found the most fascinating little place I had yet seen. It was a cave in the hillside and over its opening a perfect gable of rich green rock. The walls and ceiling of the little cave are tinted in reds and yellows, and water and steam are being constantly ejected from its doorway. I am coming over here in the morning to take a picture of this little beauty but there is constantly so much steam that I shall not get a clear one. We wanted to taste the water which came from the cave, but it was so hot we had to let it cool off a bit before we could touch it to our lips. We were surprised to find that it does not taste nearly so bad as it smells.

The guide books call this fascinating cave the Green Gable Spring, but some tourist, thinking to improve upon the name, tacked a card on a nearby tree, rechristening it the Dragon's Mouth and I like that name better, because it suggests Fairyland. These strange freaks of nature do not seem to belong to our everyday world and I am always conjuring up all sorts of odd fancies and strange little folk when I am near them.

Professor made a discovery this evening when he followed a draw to the bank of the Yellowstone River, only a few rods below our camp. It is a natural bath tub which is always filled with water of just the right temperature for a warm bath. Did you ever hear of anything more accommodating, Mother? It is merely the rocky opening of the ravine, probably three feet across, and looked as if someone had scooped a basin out of the rock. The hot water from the springs above flow into this basin and the cold water washing in from the river tempers it so that it is very comfortable to the body. The men of our party are taking turns now trying the novel bath tub.

We appreciate more every day the privileges we enjoy because of the fact that we are an independent private party instead of a part of one of the large camp companies' parties to be whirled at a mad pace from place to place. If we were a part of one of those we should not tonight be resting in one of the most fascinating districts of the Park and on one of the most ideal camping grounds. The ponies, too, are happy to be here because the grass is so long and thick. It is evident that few of even the private parties have camped here this year. I presume most people prefer to stay back near the hotel.

I shall certainly take time in the morning to visit again the repulsive but fascinating Mud Volcano, the beautiful Green Gable Spring, and the funny little mushrooms.

The Handy Man has brought two buckets of hot water from the Green Gable to our tent and Mand and I are going to have a good sponge. It is my turn first, so I must carry the lantern into the tent and get ready. After my refreshing bath a delicious slumber, and so will end another delightful Sabbath.

Violet Chester.

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Grand Canyon Camp, Monday.

Another ideal day, warm and bright, but terribly dusty traveling. Uncle Sam used to keep the Park roads sprinkled

during the season, but I judge there was not any appropriation made for that purpose this year, at any rate it isn't being done. In fact, everything has a neglected look. I hope the European statesmen who visit the Yellowstone this year will not think all our governmental property is neglected in the same way. Surely, it would not take a very big appropriation to put the bridge approaches in repair and to place new sign boards. Some of the money wasted by congressmen by sending garden seeds to voters who have no use for them might be set aside for Park use. Now of course, Mother, I have no authority for accusing a waste in the seed matter only that I happen to know that our lawyer friend in the Lake State district received a large package of seeds while I was in his home and he said it was an annual gift.

We were annoyed during the night by the howling of wolves. The Spinster was sure the bears were coming into camp to devour us. It was an uncanny sound in the dead of night and little wonder we thought of bears when we had listened all the early evening to bear stories told by a freighter who camped not far away. He says that the bears in the Canyon neighborhood are unusually annoying this year and that they have torn some of the tourists' wagons to pieces to get at the food in the mess boxes. One big grizzly threw his weight against a tent and came within an inch of striking the occupant with his paw.

We waited until the permanent camp and hotel stages passed our camp this morning so as to avoid the annoyance of constantly turning out to give them the road, also to escape the dust those swift vehicles raise.

It was extremely interesting to notice the different quality of people who made up the several parties. The first to pass us belong to a Cody Transportation Company's outfit. They were mostly young and middle aged folk. I imagine they were teachers and people who earn a comfortable salary doing brain work; such a jolly crowd they were. Everyone of them

answered our salute, some saying "Good morning," others "Hello" and a few shouted "Hurrah!"

Our party has adopted "Happy Day" as our salute, accompanying the words with a wave of the hand. I do wish everyone who visits the Park would make it a practice to shout the name of his state whenever he passes a set of tourists. People from all parts of the world, of course, visit the Yellowstone and it is interesting to know from what state or country the different groups come.

The Wylie Permanent Camp people came next. They seemed to belong to a somewhat higher plane in the world of finance than did the Cody folk and there were a number of elderly people and children in these neat three seated carryalls. They were not so jolly as the first crowd, still, on the whole, they were very good natured, with the exception of a few loads who came later. My! but those late comers were surly. When we shouted our "Happy Day" they made no reply and looked as if it were anything but a happy day for them. I presume they were the dyspeptics and the folks who hate to get up early.

The hotel conveyances came last of all, filled with men wearing the white park duster and panama hats, and ladies heavily veiled to protect their complexions. Some of these hotel people waved back at us, others smiled and nodded, while still others ignored our greeting and only stared as much as to say, "Who are you, anyway?"

I admit there is a little excuse for surliness this year because the weather conditions are so different from what tourists usually expect at this time of year and they have not come comfortably dressed. The mornings, especially, are so very cold that the unprepared shiver in their light summer clothing. If they all had heavy sweater coats like ours they would feel comfortable these delightful mornings and evenings.

I had a chat with a lady who stays at the hotels and travels in a private conveyance. She stopped to inquire how we



were touring the Park. She was extremely interested in our six-week horseback ride, but couldn't see how any lady could endure living in a tent. "And," she added, by way of compliment, "you look as if you were used to better things, too." When I told her how I was enjoying the Park, she replied that she was greatly disappointed. "Why, dear me," she sighed, "just see how uncomfortable one has to be on these dusty roads just to see a little hole in the ground with a little hot water shooting out of it, or the water falls, when one can go to Niagara in a comfortable state room. There is such a sameness to it all," she continued. "Now, I supposed I should be seeing something different and interesting constantly without all the long, dusty rides between places. I thought the park fairly teemed with graceful fawn and antelope and other animals, and truly, I see more animals right at home in our city park, you know."

I understand now as I never did before why so many people are disappointed when they come here. It is because of the fact that it is called a park and they come with the expectation of seeing a man-made park, similar to those of the cities, only on a much larger and vastly grander scale; with the curiosities all conveniently grouped, and the animals collected in large numbers in enclosed corrals. They forget that it is merely a district controlled by the Government and preserved as far as possible in its wild and natural state, and that the wild animals, native to this territory, are permitted to roam at will over miles and miles of country, and that the greater part of them come down to the mainly traveled districts only when forced to do so by hunger, when the snow gets deep and the grazing poor.

Such people, as the wealthy lady who spoke to me this morning, have no appreciation of the great beauties of nature and ought never to undertake the Park trip, but might better spend the summer in some elegant hotel near the sea or on the border of some city park.

It was about nine when we began moving this morning.

About two miles from our last night's camp, and about half a mile off the road, we saw the place where Spurgeon let General Howard's wagon train down a steep hill by means of ropes tied to trees. Some of the marks where the ropes burned the tree trunks are still visible. A sign nearby calls this place "Spurgeon's Beaver Slide."

I don't imagine the dyspeptics or the thinly clad tourists enjoyed the ride this morning along the Yellowstone river, but in spite of the chilly air, everyone in our party was in excellent humor. The Spinster, because she was anticipating three meals and a night in the Grand Canyon Hotel; the Ex-dyspeptic because he was feeling so good and was gaining health and flesh so rapidly; our Guide, because everybody else was glad and it was just the way he liked it; Maud and



The Concrete Bridge which Spans the Rapids of the Yellowstone in the Grand Canyon.

the Handy Man because—well, just because they were *they*. and the rest of us, because we were anticipating a great half day of sight seeing.

The Ex-dyspeptic rode by my side until we reached the beautiful concrete bridge which spans the Yellowstone at the head of the rapids above the Upper Falls. He told me

some interesting experiences in his business life and was really entertaining. When we arrived at the bridge the Brooklynite rode up to me and asked, "Miss Chester, are you expecting to visit all the points mentioned in Hayue's Guide from which one can get a good view of the Canyon?" I replied that I hoped to visit Artist Point at least. "Then may I act as your guide?" he asked. "I thought this was your first visit to the Park," interrupted my companion. "It is," replied the Brooklynite, "but I have made a thorough study of the Canyon with the help of the guide books and the maps and can go blindfolded to any of the points mentioned." The Ex-dyspeptic muttered "No doubt," tipped his hat, and rode off like an offended school boy. "I suppose it is mean of me to rob him of his companion," said the Brooklynite, "but he isn't playing fair; the rest of us never get a ghost of a chance when we are on the road." "That's because you don't take it," I said.

We turned into the camping grounds just below the Bridge and as soon as the tents were up Mand and the Spinster put on their good skirts and silk waists and went over to the hotel for lunch; the Ex-dyspeptic and the Handy Man accompanied them. The rest of us had lunch in camp and made plans for the afternoon. Our Guide decided to stop in camp to protect the mess box from the ravages of bears; Professor and Mrs. White planned to stroll leisurely to Artist Point, and the Brooklynite and I said we'd start out on our ponies and spend the entire afternoon sight seeing.

Such a glorious afternoon it has been, too, but I am just too tired tonight to tell you about it, so Mamsey darling,  
good night. Violet.

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Camp Washburn, Tues., Aug. 13.

Yesterday before the Brooklynite and I started out to see the Canyon we rode over to the hotel to inquire for mail, and again everyone in our party was disappointed. I cannot understand it at all. The two Eastern men were looking for

important business communications and I feel sure, Mother, that you have not neglected me. The New Yorker sent a telegram to his partner and received a reply that night saying that letters had been sent to the Yellowstone Lake hotel and also to the Grand hotel so I am not worrying about you, and attribute the non-delivery of mail to a laxness somewhere in the Park postal service. Possibly we did not get here as soon as expected and our letters have all been forwarded to the Old Faithful hotel.

The Brooklynite and I were on our way to Artist Point when we noticed a path leading into the timber; we followed it till it began to lead down a steep hill; then we tied our ponies to trees and climbed down over stumps and fallen tree trunks until we were in a position just in front of the Upper Falls. It afforded us a full view of the Falls and gave us some excellent photographs, unless they are spoiled in the process of developing.



**The Upper Falls in Grand Canyon.**

The Upper Falls are said to have a perpendicular drop of one hundred twelve feet. When the water strikes the rocks below it shoots out in great columns and throws its spray

back against the wall where the drops collect, forming tiny rivulets which flow back into the Yellowstone. I noticed the rich green tinting of the Canyon wall and thought it was the color of the rock but, upon looking closer, we found that the color is a thick moss.

Our next stop was Artist Point, the place from which the artist Moran painted the celebrated picture now hanging in the Capitol at Washington. Surely, no artist ever exaggerated the beauty of Grand Canyon as it is seen either from the Artist Point or from Point Lookout opposite, both of which are about twelve hundred feet above the bed of the river.



"I sat out on one of the rock-needles and feasted my eyes on the Great Falls."

We left the platform upon which a group of tourists were standing chatting, and climbed out upon the rock needles jutting up from the centre of the Canyon. It was a slippery and perilous climb but was worth the effort.

You know, Mother, how it used to annoy me to have people whisper or talk to me when I listened to exquisite music, well, it is the same when I look at beautiful pictures; that is why I was glad when it was decided that the Brooklynite was to be my sole companion yesterday for the afternoon. He seems to feel intuitively just how such things make me feel and how foolishly sensitive I am to impressions and inspiration.

I sat on that needle and feasted and feasted my eyes on first the picture as a whole; the deep narrow gorge with its great rock walls and its needles of rock here and there standing out alone and pointing heavenward; the foaming Nile



The Great Falls in Grand Canyon.

green stream rushing wildly through its narrow bed: and the magnificent Great Falls at the west end, everlastingly taking their awful plunge of more than three hundred feet to the seething waters below.

Then I studied the various colorings; the yellows, the browns, the reds and the greens. I had always supposed the painted and tinted pictures of the Canyon to be greatly exaggerated in their details, but no artist can possibly exaggerate or even fully express the beauty of that picture as it looked to me yesterday. It is indelibly stamped on my mind to be recalled in the years to come, at my beckoning, for more soul feasts.

Finally I breathed a deep sigh and reached for my camera which was hanging from my companion's shoulder. He took my hand and pressing it, softly said, "How you do love the beautiful, dear."

And, Mother, that, too, was only a natural part of the great picture; merely the utterance of one soul in tune with another.

As we were stepping off the platform we heard a young woman say, "Pshaw, it isn't half as pretty as the pictures." My companion said aside to me, "That's because she has an astigmatism in her mental vision."

We viewed the Canyon from Points Lookout and Inspiration as well as from the platform at the foot of the long flight of steps which lead down to a point just over the Falls. My, but my knees did ache from going down those steps. We took the steep path when we returned and found it much easier than the regularly spaced steps. Then we followed the path which leads from Point Lookout down to the big Red Rock and here we had the best view of the Great Falls.

I was remarking while we were on the Red Rock trail that I felt ashamed to meet so many elegantly dressed ladies while I was wearing such a spotted khaki skirt. My companion pointed to two ladies ahead of us and said, "I am sure you show better judgment to wear a soiled short skirt for such rough climbing than do those ladies in their silk petticoats, high heeled shoes and white kid gloves."

When we got through sight seeing it was half past five and I said, "I must hurry back to camp now to help our

Guide with the dinner. "Indeed you'll not go back to camp now," said the Brooklynite. "I arranged the dinner affair this morning. We all dine in the beautiful new Grand Canyon Hotel this evening and it is my treat." "But I cannot go into that swell dining room looking as I do," I cried. "The other ladies all put on their good skirts and waists this noon and I'd disgrace the party." He argued that his corduroys looked almost as bad as my skirt, and they did, but from his waist up he looked very neat, while I—well, I was a sight. Really, Mother, I never looked so untidy and homely in my life before, and I hope I shall never look so bad again. There wasn't time to go back to camp to change clothes so I begged



**"Canyon Hotel is the newest and largest hotel in the Park."**

my companion to go on to the hotel without me, but he said, "Miss Violet, this is the first half day you have given me. It has been a supremely happy one for me; surely you will not spoil it because of such a non essential as dress.

Of course, I yielded, but almost backed out again when we entered the magnificent building. It is the newest and largest hotel in the Park and is very modern and beautiful in ev-



ery way, as one might expect of a building which cost three fourths of a million dollars and which accomodates five hundred guests at a time. The cozy foyer, immense dining room and spacious lounge are very novel in their style of architecture and are elegantly furnished, as also are the tea rooms, the office and the sleeping rooms.

We asked the clerk if we would be permitted to sit at table with the guests in our dirty attire. He laughed and said, "Sure you can." Then I asked the way to a dressing room where I might comb my hair. I found everything scrupulously neat and everything necessary for the making of a toilet excepting a comb. I was in a dilemma. My hair was tousled and most untidy and I hadn't even a sidecomb which I might use. I never wear them when I ride because they jolt out and get lost. Fortunately I had my purse so I rang for a bell boy and gave him a quarter for the use of his dirty little pocket comb.

Our Spinster looked very refreshed after her bath and shampoo and I thought it very sweet of her to say, in reply to my apology, "Of course I'll sit at the same table with you, you really look pretty with your hair coiled loosely like that."

I thought I was going to feel chagrined to enter that dining room in my camp clothes, but I really enjoyed the novelty of being the only one of one hundred and twenty-five guests in a khaki riding skirt and a flannel shirt while most of the ladies were in full dinner dress. Maud whispered "Never mind, Vi., no one is noticing you; they have eyes for nothing but those magnificent diamonds on the fat woman in pink at the centre table."

We enjoyed our dinner very much. Camp meals taste good when one is miles from civilization and feels hungry, but it did seem good to sit once more at a table covered with spotless linen, and to eat from dainty china. If we had had a less surly waitress we should have enjoyed the dinner even more. She was not a reader of faces and I suppose she thought a party escorted by a man in dirty corduroys and

wearing a negligee shirt and hunter's jacket could or would not be generous with tips and she was angry when the manager seated us at her table. She slammed the dishes and hurried us through the courses till the Brooklynite called her to task for it.

We were supposed to be supplied with finger bowls after the ice and the demitasse, but the waitress evidently thought we did not know how to use them and did not come back to the dining room after serving the coffee. Each of the Eastern men took a silver dollar from his pocket and Professor, our Guide and the Handy Man, each a half dollar. We waited several minutes for the surly girl to come for her tip, but she didn't return and her lack of judgment and courtesy cost her three dollars and a half.

All save our Guide and the Brooklynite and I had spent the greater part of the afternoon in the hotel and were ready to go back to camp; excepting the Spinster, who, of course, purposed to spend the night at the hotel. My afternoon companion suggested that I stay with him to see the bears which were in the habit of coming every night shortly before eight to eat the scraps and to lick the cans thrown out by the kitchen helpers. While we were waiting we visited the art room, where there were all sorts of curios and souvenirs for sale. There was a beautiful cameo brooch which I did want so badly for you, Mother dear, but when I priced it I found it way beyond the reach of my purse. When my companion found that I wasn't going to purchase it he took it. I presume it is for his mother, of whom he seems to be passionately fond, or, perhaps, it may be for a sweetheart.

The Art Room contained a very beautiful collection of Navajo rugs. I think I never saw one anywhere which I admired as I did a certain small one here in black and grays. It was so rich and without the brilliant colors so often seen in these Mexican rugs. I didn't even dare to price the rug because I knew it would cost dollars more than I had to spend. Just as we were about to leave the art room my com-

panion priced it, handed the sales lady some traveler's checks and ordered the rug delivered at our camp within an hour.

Mother mine, what do you suppose he wanted that Navajo for? You'd never guess. After I had gone to my tent to write the letter I wrote last night, our Guide came in and presented the costly rug to me in behalf of the Rocky Mountain Yellowstone Park Party, in appreciation for biscuits and fudge. He didn't wait a moment for a reply, but hurried out and left me alone, and I—well, woman like, I shed a few tears; I haven't the slightest idea why, but I did; then I tried to think how it would be best to return that expensive Navajo to the Brooklynite, for, of course, I was positive that not one cent did any other member of the party pay toward it.

It occurred to me that for a bank cashier, on an ordinary salary, the Brooklynite had a very great deal of money to spend to be able to first treat a party of eight to dinner at one and a quarter a plate and then to be able to purchase such a very expensive rug to give to a mere camp acquaintance. I fear, Mother, that this time I was fooled in a pair of eyes, and I am O, so afraid, that our bank cashier, whom I would have trusted anywhere, is an embezzler. It troubled me so I couldn't get to sleep for a long time. Before my tent mates came in I folded that rug and managed to squeeze it into my suit case, though I had to roll some of my things into a rain coat to make room for it. Of course, I shall return it to the bank cashier at my very first opportunity.

I feared that the rug would be the means of spoiling the rest of the trip for me, but this morning with the Ex-dyspeptic at my side and the magnificent mountain scenery to thrill the artist within me I completely forgot to be worried about the Brooklynite's duplicity, or the necessity of returning the handsome Navajo.

I forgot to say that we saw the bears back of the hotel serenely licking the old empty cans. There were three big brown fellows. A soldier walked back and forth in front of

the fence with a gun all ready to aim in case the bears got ugly.

Last night a number of private parties were camped where we were and all kept fires burning all night and the men took turns guarding the wagons, for the bears were very bold. One big fellow stood in the road near our wagon a long time with his eye fixed upon our mess box. Another big



"The big grizzlies come to lick the cans."

fellow became troublesome at the Wylie camp and tried to attack a soldier who undertook to chase him away, so the soldier shot him. They caged another ugly bear and will send him to some menagerie.

I also forgot to tell you that I saw and photographed a pretty little deer which was browsing under the trees not far from the Falls. It was in the shadow, so my picture will not be clear, but it will serve to remind me where I saw him.

I had so much in my mind that I wanted to put on paper before I should forget it that I sat down on my saddle blan-

ket to scribble before the tents were raised and now it is time for dinner and my letter is not finished. Vi.

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Tuesday, continued. Camp Washburn.

Now I am going back to the Canyon, which place we left at eight to take a side trip to Mt. Washburn. It was a delightful morning and yet everyone seemed unusually quiet and moody. I was still depressed because of the rug episode. Maud and the Spinster felt tired and achy because of the long climb up and down those awful steps above the Falls. The Brooklynite, no doubt, was disappointed that I did not express any pleasure or gratitude for the rug, and besides, he must have noticed my changed attitude toward him; and the rest—well, they were all tired or not in the mood for fun.

I remarked about the feeling of depression in camp, which was so different from our usual high spirits when we start out in the morning, to the Ex-dyspeptic, and he replied, "To be frank with you, Miss Violet, *my* silence this morning is not because of fatigue, but because I still feel grieved that you ignored me so completely yesterday after lunch and devoted the entire afternoon alone with our Brooklyn friend. You must know, Miss Violet, by this time, that a great deal of the pleasure I am deriving from this trip is due to the fact that you are a member of the party."

I certainly was surprised to find that our man from New York had been choosing me as riding companion for my own sake. I thought, of course, that he had chosen to ride with me, since he offended the Spinster, because it was the most natural thing to do. The Handy Man always took position by the side of Maud, and the Brooklynite rode with the Spinster and so there was nothing else for the Ex-dyspeptic to do but to ride with me. I frankly told him that he had no right to take my company for granted and the only reason I had given him so much opportunity to ride with me was because of the situation I have just described to you, Mother.

If it were not for that rug incident I should certainly show my preference for the Brooklynite's company hereafter and give the Ex-dyspeptic back to the Spinster, but as it is, I shall have to join Mand and make a crowd of company. I judge from something Mand said in confidence to me yesterday she thinks it time to close her flirtation with the Handy Man anyway. She is longing to get the letters she feels sure are waiting for her from a certain other dear friend.

No one who loves rugged landscapes done in rough, bold strokes should fail to take the side trip from the Canyon to Mt. Washburn. The panorama, as one looks over the rugged hills and irregular ravines, is grand and very different from any other bit of scenery in the Park.

We stopped to lunch at Dunraven Pass. I neglected to say that we have been purchasing bread from the hotel chefs and also from the permanent camp cooks. Much of it has not been very fresh, but we were very glad to get it. The price is always fifteen cents a loaf. Our Guide also bought some fresh meat at the Wylie camp.

After lunch we again began the climb and another kind of landscape lent itself to the pleasure of the day. I remembered that when I first began to study about mountain springs in my geography that I pictured the water coming out of the mountain side and flowing down in a narrow gully to a stream below and I thought that as it did so the tiny stream coming out of the mountain fell over rocks and formed a series of little cascades or water falls. Today, for the first time, I saw just such picturesque little spring streams with their pretty little cascades.

The road to Mt. Washburn is not as much used by the regular tourists as most of the other roads in the main part of the Park, but it must have cost the government a mint of money to build it. You will get some idea of how it winds when I tell you that Mt. Washburn has an elevation of 10,388 feet, but we travel about three and a half miles to get

from the base to the summit. The road is very narrow and there is a perpendicular drop from the outer edge.

Tourists are warned of the danger of the ascent because of the sudden and severe storms which come up on the Mountain which might scare a nervous horse and cause him to hurl his driver over the brink of the narrow road.

Dainty little forget-me-nots and daisies grow on the mountain. The view is vast and wild and often large bands of elk can be seen in the distance. Last year our Guide saw a large number of mountain sheep, but we were not so favored.

Not far below the summit we came upon a large patch of snow and here we all lined up to have our pictures taken by



"We all lined up on Mt. Washburn to have our pictures taken on an August snowbank."

the Spinster, who said she wanted an August snow scene. Then Professor started a snow ball battle which put us in such good humor that we have been cheerful ever since.

Often, after tourists have made the difficult ascent, they are disappointed to find the view completely obstructed by a heavy mist. We were fortunate, the day was clear and we

looked away across the rugged landscape and recognized the Grand Canyon. We even saw Old Faithful playing way off in the distance. The Haynes Guide says one can see the Tetons from the summit of Mt. Washburn, but there must have been a haze in front of that range, for we could not see them.

On the highest point of Washburn is a mound of rocks enclosed within an iron rail, and a pair of elk horns lie on the rocks. There is also a jar filled with the visiting cards of tourists from almost every state of our country as well as from many countries of Europe. We thought it would be



On the Summit of Mt. Washburn.

interesting to see if, perchance, someone whom we knew had left a card, but, just as we began to read the names, a cold wind began to blow so we put the cards back and crouched under the wall to eat our lunch of sandwiches and cookies, and drank water from the Professor's thermos bottle.

Clouds gathered and we hurried to get ready to descend. I noticed that the trees near the summit of the mountain were twisted and gnarled and many of them bent toward the ground. The west side of their trunks are almost denuded of branches and I shuddered at the thought of being caught out in a storm of such violence as those which had distorted those trees. How the dainty flowers withstand the cold of



the nights and the fury of the storms is beyond my understanding.

When we were about half way down, the wind blew a gale and we were caught in the edge of a rain which was deluging the top of the mountain. In a minute or two we had passed out of the storm area and were riding in the hot August sun, while just above, the wind was blowing and the rain was beating down in great drops.

The descent seemed to be easier on the ponies than the ascent had been, but it was hard on the riders. My weight was thrown forward on the steep places and strained my muscles and set my knees to aching so I dismounted and started to lead my pony, but the Brooklynite reached forward for my bridle rein and I had only myself to look out for.



*"We are camped in a delightful spot at the edge of a pine forest."*

We are camped in a most delightful spot. It is not used by tourists, because they think there is no water here. Our Guide was going on farther, but our Handy Man, who seems to know everything about mountains by instinct, said, "Hold on, Mack, I believe there is water down in that valley, the grass is fine and there is plenty of fuel; just wait here till

I run down to investigate." Sure enough, by following an elk trail he came to a little spring hidden among the trees, so we pitched camp at the edge of the pines.

I imagine the woods back of us are full of bears and all sorts of animals, but our Guide says we are not in as much danger here as we were in the Canyon camp.

I'm tired, so tired; but it's a good kind of tired and I should not have missed the view from the top of Mt. Washburn nor the panorama along the way for dollars and dollars; but bed is the place for me now.

Good night.

Violet.

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Camp Washburn, Thursday, Aug. 15.

Rain bound again. It has been showering for two days. No one regretted the delay yesterday because we were all glad of the opportunity to lie around and rest, but today we are rather restless. It is cold and our dear Handy Man has been pulling dead trees into camp for an hour, so the men can keep the two fires going.

Yesterday when the Handy Man went into his tepee to nap, Mand and I let the ropes sag and the tepee came down upon him. He surmised who played the trick and got even with us later. We had been hearing uncanny noises and Professor thought he saw a bear when he went to the spring for water. We girls were beginning to get quite nervous and in good state to be taken in by the return joke. We were lying on our cots just at dusk and the Spinster was telling all about one of her travel experiences, while the men were in Professor's tent playing cards by the light of the camp fire with a deck our Guide had bought at the Canyon hotel.

The Spinster's story was interrupted by a low growl. We raised up on our elbows and saw a huge, furry something moving steadily toward us and growling as it came. Naturally our first thought was of bears. Mand screamed, the Spinster covered her head with a blanket and I grabbed a camp stool which stood at the head of my cot and was about

to throw it when our bear turned and quickly left the tent. "It's a trick," I cried, jumping up and reached the door of the tent just in time to see the Handy Man throw Professor's fur robe from his shoulders.

Our poor Spinster was so wrought up that she could not sleep last night and is so pale this morning that the men have agreed not to play any more bear tricks. It really was a risky thing to do because I do believe if there had been a gun at hand I should have used it.

We had a vaudeville performance after lunch today and each of us had a part. We had a jolly hour. Maud took off an opera singer, and the way she trilled and warbled and swayed her body was very funny. Professor played some airs on the harmonica and his wife gave a reading, then the Brooklynite sang; our Guide told a story, the Handy Man danced a jig, the Spinster held an auction sale, I told fortunes, and the Ex-dyspeptic read the poem from Haynes' Guide about the Devil appropriating the Park for his use as an addition to Hell.

The poem was written by Wm. Helmuth and begins:

The Devil was sitting in Hades one day,  
In a very disconsolate sort of way.  
Says the Devil to Charon, "Now, what shall I do?  
The world, it grows worse and grows wickeder, too,  
What with Portland, Chicago, Frisco, New York,  
I get in my mortals too fast for my fork.  
I haven't the room in these caverns below,  
St. Peter above is rejecting them so."

Then Charon goes out to explore, finds the Yellowstone district and reports it to his master.

Then the Devil with mortals kept plying his fire,  
Extracting the water around from the mire,  
And boring great holes with a terrible dust,  
Till quite a number appeared near the crust.  
Then he turned on the steam and lo, upward did fly

Thru rents in the surface, the rocks to the sky.  
Then there came with a rumble from every spot  
Huge volumes of water remarkably hot,  
That had been in the caverns since Lucifer fell,  
Thus immensely enlarging the confines of Hell."

Camp Mammoth Springs, Yellowstone Park, Sat., Aug. 17.

Maud snatched my tablet from my lap yesterday, hid it so I could not write any more at that time and that accounts for the abrupt end.

The sun came out a little before noon yesterday and we ate a hurried lunch, packed our belongings and moved on to see Tower Falls, which are about six miles from the camp we were leaving.

Near the W. Y. Lunch Station Maud and I, who were riding on ahead with the Handy Man, saw a comical bear tableau. Some one had camped near the station and in his absence a mother bear and her three cubs were making themselves at home in his wagon; the old bear was up in the box rooting around among the provisions under the seat; two of the babies were on the ground eating some crackers which their mother had thrown from the wagon, and a third baby was contentedly seated on the wagon tongue watching proceedings. It was such a funny picture I wanted to photograph the interesting group, but we knew how hard it is to get provisions in that part of the Park and lost no time in chasing the happy family away.

Words fail me as I try to picture for you the beautiful Tower Falls in their rough, unique setting among great rock spires of lava formation. A path leads to a natural platform of rock a short distance from the top of the Falls and another, a steep, slippery one, very long and narrow, leads down to a point below the cataract. This last path is not much used because of its difficult and somewhat dangerous descent.

We three youngest members of the party, with the Brooklynite and the Professor took the long path, and in spite

of the risk and the fatigue, we felt repaid when we stood at the base of the great cataract and had a full view of the water as it came tumbling down and sprayed the rock upon which we stood.

Looking up at Tower Falls as we did they seem fully as



**The Needles Above Tower Falls.**

high as the Great Falls, but statistics show them to be only about a third as high. They are quite narrow, too, but the setting and the surrounding lava formation are different from anything else we have seen.

The climb back to the road was very difficult and we found it so hard to breathe that we had to stop every few minutes and cling to a rock or an overhanging branch to rest and to get our breath. One with a weak heart would run

a great risk in taking that climb. Once I lost my footing and hung by one hand to a jutting rock. I was in great fear lest that piece of rock should break off and I'd go slipping down, down, down into the mad, foaming water at the foot of the cataract. I screamed for help and the Handy Man, who was just above me, threw himself flat upon the rock and pulled me up.

When we reached the top we found the rest of the party seated on the ground eating wild raspberries and gooseberries from the bushes. Then we lunched and once more started on our journey. The road runs above and in view of the Tower Creek Canyon, which is not so large or so brilliant in coloring as the Grand Canyon, but its great needles stand out more picturesquely. I stood for a long time near the edge of the narrow road, looking down into the magnificent abyss. This is one of the side trips no lover of natural beauty should fail to take.

Not far from Tower Falls, in a most lonesome spot, is a Soldier Station. I fear these poor boys will have even a lonelier time this winter than the boys at Snake River.

We made one little side trip about a mile from the main road, for which we were sorry, because we did not think it worth the loss of time. The Guide book spoke of a petrified forest and we followed a very rough road until we came to two stumps; they did not even have any branches. "Uncle Sam's Petrified Forest is a sell," said Maud, and I agreed with her, still I was interested to know why those two particular trees should have turned to stone.

The road climbed steadily upward through the timber and then we came into an open country where a raw wind was blowing. We were obliged to go much farther than we wanted to because we could not sooner find grass for the horses. When we finally did find a suitable camping place we were shivering with cold.

While the men were establishing camp and getting the fires started I opened cans of soup, vegetables and fruit and

we were soon enjoying the hot food by the camp fire. While we were doing so a soldier rode into camp to search for a lantern which had been taken from the station by some passing tourist. It seemed a pity to make the young fellow start out so late in the cold in search of a dollar lantern. He said he would ride as far as Mammoth Springs and come back in the morning.

We were so cold that we lost no time after the dishes were washed in getting between our warm blankets.

This morning, while we were at our early breakfast, we saw two beautiful, graceful antelope gamboling in the grass only a few rods from our camp.

The drive to Mammoth Springs was down hill nearly all the way so we made excellent time. We rode through an open country which was in strong contrast to the rugged mountain scenery the other side of Mt. Washburn. It is this varying scenery which keeps my interest aroused. There is not the least monotony in the Park, at least so it seems to me, though our Spinster, who has not trained her eye to the varying beauties of nature, says, "The between places (I suppose she means the places between hotels) are awfully boring, don't you know."

We stopped to look at the Undine Falls, not far from the Mammoth Springs. There are two cascades, one about forty feet high and the other only about half as high.

Some tourists were picking raspberries which were very plentiful in this vicinity. They looked tempting, but we preferred to spend our time sight seeing, so long as we had canned fruits and jam, which could take the place of the fresh berries.

Just after we crossed the long steel trestle bridge that spans the Gardiner River we saw the little herd of buffaloes which are kept corraled near the Springs. Two powerful fellows came close to the wire fence and turned their giant heads from side to side, looking up at us in comical fashion. Maud said, "The giants are making goo-goo eyes at you, Vi."

"Well," I replied, "it is the first time anyone has cast loving glances at me, then, for you have up till now been the target for all such glances, especially in the soldier camps."

The bird's eye view one gets of Mammoth Springs, while descending the hill which leads down to that place is very pretty, and as one enters the Springs it seems like going into a little city. There are well cared for streets and lawns, a number of pretty bungalows, and several more pretentious houses; most of them are the residences of officers, for this is known as Fort Yellowstone, in army circles. I am told that there are about two hundred cavalrymen located here. The commanding officer is the superintendent of the Park but is under the supervision of the Secretary of the Interior.

The headquarters of the U. S. Commissioner is also here, as also are the Weather Bureau and the Engineer's Office. There are two stores whose main stock consists of Park souvenirs and views (The postal station is in one of the stores), and a handsome hospital and a church are in construction. The hotel is a large, dingy looking building, whose interior looks quite as passe as does its exterior.

We arrived at a lively time, for about two hundred of the Sheridan infantrymen, who are taking a practice march through the Park, are here at Fort Yellowstone. These Mammoth Springs soldiers are giving the visitors a good time, and while we were driving into town a large band was giving a concert out on the public square. We stopped to listen, of course, and felt that we were having a big treat; it has been so long since we have heard any music of that sort.

Our next move was to go to the postoffice to inquire for mail. There was but one letter and that was from Lander for our Guide. We had thought the reason that we did not get mail from the hotel postal stations was because the clerks there made a practice of immediately forwarding all mail addressed to any save their own guests, but we cannot account for our disappointment at the store postoffices. The fact, however, that none of us gets letters from the East keeps us



all from worrying for we reason that the same cause has delayed the delivery of all mail alike.

Our horses were in such prime condition that we went on to Gardiner, Montana, a distance of five miles, to purchase provisions and oats. What a disappointment that town was to us! It consists of a few residences, a number of good stores, some inferior cafes and hotels, and a large number of saloons and billiard halls. The place impresses one as being a very tough little supply town for private parties of Park tourists. We were not sorry that we visited Gardiner, though, for we not only found excellent brands of canned goods, bacon, syrups and the like, at very moderate cost, but also souvenirs at a much lower figure than in the Park, especially the spoons and views.

We all invested in new horsehide gloves, Professor bought boots, and nearly all of the men got new trousers. I tried to find a riding skirt to take the place of my disreputable khaki, but the few they had in stock were far too large in every way.

Our Guide treated the party to a cafe luncheon. It was fairly good, but the flies were more numerous than in camp.

Gardiner marks the farthest point on our route and we are now on our return trip. I think the five miles back to Mammoth Springs is the only piece of road which we retrace until we get back to the Thumb, so there will be something new to see for several days yet.

The guard at the imposing arch, dedicated by Colonel Roosevelt in 1903, permitted Professor to pass through, but all heavy wagons had to go around. We horseback riders did not go under the arch either, because when we left Fort Yellowstone a soldier compelled us to take the bridle path, which wound around a hill and made the distance to Gardiner about two miles longer than the wagon road. The ride was a pretty one, but we did not get as good a view of the Gardiner canyon as those who travel in wagons or stages.

Eagle's Nest Rock stands out close to the road, near Gar

diner and there were baby eagles in the big nest, which is on top of the rock needle.

The river which flows through the Gardiner Canyon contains boiling places right in the cold water. Nature certainly does play some strange tricks in the 3312 square miles which are embraced in the Yellowstone National Park.

There is no fuel in the immediate vicinity for a camp fire and my fingers are cold, so I will continue this tomorrow.



"The guard at the imposing arch dedicated by Col. Roosevelt would not let us pass through."

#### Mammoth Springs Camp, Sunday.

We are camped not far from the foot of Bunsen's Peak and just beyond the road which turns down to the Buffalo Corral. It is the filthiest, most unsatisfactory camping place we have yet found. There is very little fuel in the neighborhood, no good grass for the ponies, and the ground smells like a long used pasture. The hole made for the old cans and garbage has a vile odor and the water is not good.

We are in rather close quarters, too. A Lander minister with his family camped at our right, a party from Idaho at our left, and two parties are located just across the road. It is not pleasant to touch elbows with neighbors when one is camping.

Our Handy Man and the Brooklynite went over to a stable to get hay with which to carpet our tent, because the ground was so filthy. It was the Brooklynite's suggestion; he is always so thoughtful.

There is a great deal to be seen here; consequently we were very much disappointed to find it showering when we got up this morning, but we put on our best clothes and started out after breakfast to attend church. We asked an officer whom we met to direct us to the place of worship. He laughed and replied, "We do not often worship here at the Springs, occasionally a Catholic Priest visits the fort, but we do not have regular services of any kind at present, in fact our Chaplain is out on the Pacific Coast."

Mother mine, isn't that a sad state of affairs in a camp where there are two hundred young men with souls? It strikes me if some of the men in authority would spend a part of the time and influence they are now expending in their efforts to restore the canteen on looking out for the moral welfare of the great army of men who are in their keeping the drink question would adjust itself.

Since there was no church which we could go to, we took a stroll through the town and found the stores doing business the same as on week days.

After we had lunch we went down to see the baby buffalo. It looks just like any ordinary shaggy haired calf. It rained hard while we were looking at the buffalo, so we went back to camp and wrote letters and read some of our old magazines.

We shall do the Terrace tomorrow, rain or shine, so my next letter will be more interesting. I do wish I might have had some word from you, Mother mine.

Vi.

## Mammoth Springs, Monday.

Regardless of the showers which fell at intervals all day, we spent three hours exploring the beautiful terraces, which are arranged one above the other at quite regular intervals. The water issues at different levels and the calcareous deposit forms tub-like piles, so arranged that the overflow from the higher ones falls into those beneath. These basins are of various depths and sizes and many of them are of most exquisite tints; pale green, salmon pink, lemon, orange and terra cotta. The water has disappeared from several of the terraces and these are a dead white. I had supposed that the coloring was due to the mineral deposits in the water, but the Brooklynite, who is our camp geologist, says that the color is given by the algae, a vegetable growth which thrives in warm water. "You know," he said, "that if the colors were due to mineral deposit, as you suppose, they would remain even after the water ceased flowing and would not be destroyed or changed by a decreased temperature. This is not the case, for you observe that wherever there is no water, there is also an absence of the pretty tints. You would notice, too, if you should visit the Terraces in the winter, an absence of color wherever the temperature of the water had become greatly cooled.

Many geologists claim that the Terraces are gradually dying because the thermal energy of this region is diminishing. If these hot springs cease to flow it would be a great pity and Yellowstone Park would lose one of its greatest attractions.

We asked our geologist the cause of hot water all through the Park and he said it is heated by the masses of rock which have not yet cooled below the zone of percolating water. He called our attention to the richer greens, reds, and browns of the hotter water as compared with the rust color of the cooler water and said it is due to the fact that the tiny, velvety algae thrive more plentifully in the hotter water.

While we were searching for the Devil's Kitchen, which is

mentioned in our books, we met an army officer who very kindly offered to act as our guide. We all feel that we are indebted to him for one of the most instructive hours we have spent in the Park. He has a handsome face, a foreign accent to his speech (Swiss, I think) and a very courteous manner. He also possesses a fair knowledge of plants and minerals.

Our Officer Guide dismounted and took the lead to show us the way. Mand walked by his side and patted the head of his handsome bay steed, the rest of us following till we came to a queer little slit in the ground. The rain was beginning again and our new Guide said, "We are just in time to take refuge in the Devil's Kitchen and I trust that gentleman is not at home."

We descended about thirty feet on rough wooden steps. The air was hot and damp and gave one a very uncomfortable feeling. "Whew!" said Mand, "It smells as if the Old Boy's laundress were at work."

A narrow passage-way leads both in front of and back of the stairway for a short distance, but there was nothing of interest to be seen by the light of the candle which the officer had lighted. A bat flew above our heads and Mand whispered "Maybe that's the Old Boy himself. I'm going to get out of here before he assumes his normal size and forks me in." She ran up the stairs and the rest of us followed, very glad to be able once more to breathe comfortably.

Only a few steps from the Kitchen I paused to investigate a hole at the base of a large tree which was emitting a disagreeable gas. The Officer came back to tell me that he thought the air coming up through that hole must contain a large per cent of carbon, because it killed birds, but did not harm vegetation in the least.

When we started away from the vile-smelling hole together, the Officer's horse rubbed my shoulder with his nose and I spoke to him and rubbed his head. "You love horses?" asked the officer. I answered that I loved the horse above all

other animals. "So do I," he replied. "Don't you want to ride my Major?" I replied that I would be proud to do so. He helped me mount and complimented the ease with which I did so. Maud and the Spinster were green with envy and I enjoyed the novelty of, for the first time, receiving the attentions of an army officer.

Our Guide next pointed out the Stygian Cave, in which lay a number of dead birds and a dead rabbit. Then he took us to Bath Lake, in which tourists may bathe, provided they are properly dressed. This lake has no visible outlet and the mysterious thing about it is that its water maintains an even temperature all the year round.

Not far from Bath Lake is the beautiful Orange Geyser. Its basin is an oblong mound of a pretty orange tint. The mound is about twenty feet high and thirty feet in diameter, and water bubbles from it constantly.

Our guide next called our attention to the Narrow Gauge Terrace, a narrow bridge about three hundred feet long, very brilliantly tinted and fairly alive with tiny geysers.

"This way to Soda Spring for a drink; my treat!" shouted the Officer. We all drank the water, but do not think we'd care to have our drinking water always flavored so strongly with soda.

We left the Terraces and went down to take a closer look at the Devil's Thumb and Liberty Cap, both of which are tall hot springs cones and stand out alone like sentinels guarding the Terrace above. Liberty Cap is fifty-two feet high.

Our kind Officer Guide left us here, expressing the wish that we might meet again. The Brooklynite, who had been keeping well to the rear of our little procession, came forward when the officer left and said to me aside, "Miss Chester, now that that fascinating uniformed gentleman has torn himself away, will you show me a favor? There is a curiosity back here a few rods which I want to show you."

I followed him to a pretty little spring down in a recess

of one of the terraces; the sign above it read, "Cupid's Cave." "Stand right here a moment, please," said the teasing Brooklynite. "I have given little Cupid a specially sharp dart and he is an excellent marksman." I laughed at his boyishness and ran away to join Professor and Mrs. White.

Let me see, did I mention the fact that both the Spinster and the Ex-dyspeptic stayed at the hotel last night because our camp is so damp? They said it was fearfully dull at the Hotel all evening because the greater number of guests attended the big mask ball which the soldiers gave in honor



"Liberty Cap stands like a sentinel guarding the Terraces above and the Fort beyond."

of the visiting Sheridan Troops. The Spinster did not attend because she did not have an evening gown. Maud and I are sorry we did not know of the ball. We would have coaxed our Handy Man to take us. We heard today that there were nearly a thousand people in the great Canteen, where the ball was given. Maud could have cried when she learned of the fun she missed.

It showered again after lunch, but we made another trip to the Terraces and this time we noticed a deep rumbling noise

in several places coming from under the crust, and in one place we felt a distinct vibration.

It is warmer and everyone is in excellent spirits except the Brooklynite, who seems rather down hearted. The Spinster and our New York friend are lodging at home tonight to be ready for an early start in the morning.

I shall leave this letter at the office tomorrow and hope it will find you all in as good health and spirits as it leaves me.

Love to all,

Violet.



"He took me to Cupid's Cave, a spring in the recess of a terrace."

P. S. The officer who played guide for us told me that there really is a district containing petrified trees and that we did not see the so-called Petrified Forest at all. We missed the trail because the sign board was either destroyed or else placed too far from the road to be seen from that point. We should have turned to the right not far from the soldier station near Tower Falls. The Officer said it was a pity we did not take that road as the view from there is grand. I hope by the time I visit the Yellowstone again that the Park Superintendent will have a sign board placed near the main road so we can tell where we ought to turn off.

V. C.



Camp Norris, Tuesday, Aug. 20, 1912.

Everyone was glad to see the sun shining this morning and to be able to leave the dirty camp at Mammoth Springs. We stopped at the stores and at the Hotel for bread, but could not get a single loaf; we did get some, however, at the Wylie Lunch Station at Willow Springs and I was once more saved the necessity of baking biscuits.

We had an easy climb for three miles from the Springs to the Hoodoos. This is the wildest, weirdest mile square I have seen. It looks as if Dame Nature had emptied an immense load of white rock from her apron into a hollow and let it lie in a tumbled heap just as it had fallen. Scientists think that the waters of underground hot springs carried the earthy formation, in solution, and deposited it down the valley for a couple of miles. Some of the same deposit is found along the Gardiner River. Of course, the action of the water left honey-combed cones under the surface of the ground and, eventually, the surface caved in and the great mass of fractured rock fell into the caverns thus made.

The road makes a sudden turn among the Hoodoos and passes between great columns of grayish white stone, thus forming the Silver Gate. I was a trifle disappointed in the Silver Gate, because I had expected to see the rocks glistening in the sun like silver and supposed the rock contained quantities of iron or mica, or some other bright mineral. This rock in the Hoodoo region, however, looks more like a dull sandstone and I do not think it contains any metal.

The Golden Gate, a little farther on, made up for the disappointment I had in the Silver Gate. My! but that is a beautiful spot. It is a narrow rugged pass between Bunsen's Peak and the southern extremity of Terrace Mountain. The rock walls which must be about two hundred feet high are covered with a moss which gives it the color suggesting gold to the man who named the gateway. To me it suggested burnished brass rather than gold because of the red and green tints which mingle on the wall.

At the base of the highest wall a rognish creek tumbles over little terraces and forms the delightful Rustic Falls, then goes babbling and bnbbling down the Glen and disappears under an accumulation of rock which was left by the road constructors. Our guide books say that the roadway and the viaduct here in the Golden Gate Canyon is the most difficult and expensive bit of road in the Park.

As we passed through the Golden Gate we came unexpect-



"The Golden Gate."

edly upon a broad prairie; to our right rose the highest mountain peak of the Park, the Electric. The Brooklynite suggested that we were so near to the peak it would be pleasant to stop long enough to climb to the top. Our Guide laughed and informed us that the mountain which looks so near is about eight miles from the road. When asked why the peak is so named he replied that it is because it contains such quantities of magnetic ore that the surveyors could not use their instruments on the mountains. I'd hate to be on that mountain during an electric storm.

This prairie, through which we passed after coming through the Golden Gate, is called Swan Lake Basin and we expected to see quite a large body of water with beautiful

white swans swimming on its surface, when we should reach Swan Lake, but saw, instead, just a big pool in a swamp with a few ducks swimming on its surface. A crew of men was laying large pipes along the road, but we could not ascertain the purpose of the work, for some of the men said the pipes were for drainage and others said they were for irrigating purposes.

The Willow Park, named in the guides, is merely a patch



The Golden Gate at 10:00 A. M.

of scrub willows and here a big black bear ran across the road a few rods ahead of us. At this point a large party of tourists passed us on their way to the Wylie Lunch Station. We gave our usual Happy Day salute and one man said, "Are you happy? We are cold, but we are seeing the Park." Some of the ladies of the party looked as if they would rather be seeing the four walls of their living rooms.

Farther on we saw a number of beaver dams, but not a beaver in sight.

When we had traveled about ten miles from Mammoth Springs we reached Apollinaris Spring and stopped here to lunch and to rest the ponies. From this spring flows really

genuine Apollinaris water; none of the bottled and medicated lake or river water one is apt to purchase, but the genuine article direct from Mother Earth, and it is the most delicious and refreshing water I have ever tasted. Professor filled his thermos bottle with it and how we wished we could take a barrel of it with us to use when we camp in the Geyser Basins where the water is so warm.

We came across another party here at the Apollinaris Spring who had started from Lander. They were a group of students who had been doing field work all summer under the tutorage of their professor in the vicinity of Lander. They were feeling grieved because their guide was hurrying them too much and had insisted upon moving camp during the rains, in consequence of which the bedding got wet and one of their number, their chaperon, was suffering with rheumatism. We appreciate our amiable guide more than ever now.

I watched eagerly for a first sight of the Obsidian Cliff which the guide book described as "Vertical columns of pentagonal shaped blocks of obsidian, rising two hundred and fifty feet from the road and presenting a glistening, mirror-like effect, and at its base the only glass roadway in the world." Little wonder that after reading that description we expected to see a great wall of glass glistening in the sun and a stretch of slippery volcanic glass road.

What we did see was a high cliff seamed with the obsidian, some a shiny jet black and others a pretty mottled brown. Large pieces of the obsidian lay by the roadside and we each took some and expect to have buttons and hatpins made of it. As for the road it was covered with such a thick layer of earth that I could not see any difference between that and any other dirt road. The cliff, with its glass seams was interesting to me, if it was a bit disappointing.

One can imagine how difficult it must have been to build a road through this obsidian formation when he reads that blasting powder had no effect upon it and that the road men

had to build huge fires around the blocks of glass and, when they were heated, suddenly cool them by throwing cold water upon them, thus shattering the blocks into small fragments.

The Indians like obsidian better for arrow heads than flint and so this became a famous resort for all the Rocky Mountain tribes; in fact, it used to be considered neutral ground the same as the Pipestone district in Minnesota.

One of the most weird and fascinating freaks we saw today is the Roaring Mountain. The mountain makes a noise like the exhaust pipe of some giant steam engine and columns of steam escape from several places in its ash-gray side. At its base a number of dead trees stand in a pool which is fed by little rivulets of sulphur water from the mountain. I think those trees must have grown there before the hot springs broke through the mountain.

A short ride beyond Roaring Mountain brought us to Twin Lakes. These twin lakes are two large pools separated by a narrow strip of land. I judge they are about eighty rods wide and a half mile long. The first is a bright green and the second is an ultramarine blue. Our geologist explains the coloring of the pools in this way: "Pool colorings were formerly supposed to be due to minerals in the water or in the surrounding country which the water drained, but this is not true. Much of the color is due to the reflection of light rays influenced by the nature and color of the pool linings and the surroundings. Now note this first pool is quite shallow and its bed has a thick bed of green moss all around the outer edge, the pool is also closely surrounded by trees; hence the green of its water. This second pool, on the other hand, has an open space near its bank, it has very little moss and is deeper than the first pool, hence its deep blue tint."

We came next to the Frying Pan, a queer little basin about fifteen feet across and fuming and fussing because disturbed by the little hot springs it contained.

A young man who is seeing the Park on foot passed us.

He sleeps in the hotel and permanent camp stables and gets food when and where he can. Maud called him "The Biped Moving Camp" and he certainly was a comical sight. On his back he had strapped a small tarpaulin in which he carried a blanket, a small can of coffee, a piece of bacon, some crackers and a change of underwear. A tiny frying pan, a little coffee pot and a fishing rod were hanging to the outside of his pack. The young man had stopped to do his washing in a creek and was drying it as he traveled; a towel hung on his pack, his handkerchief was stretched over the crown of his hat, and he waved a sock in each hand. Professor said: "That's the way to do the Park; no wasted time pulling and pitching tents every day."

We called at the Norris Soldier Station to see if the good boys at Snake River had patrolled any mail for us and two of us were made happy by letters. There was one from you, dearest Mother, and the Brooklynite also received one from his mother. It's a shame all those letters were returned to you, when I should have enjoyed them so, but it adds greatly to my pleasure to know that you are all well and are having such a happy summer. The Brooklynite, too, feels greatly relieved to hear that his mother has fully regained her health.

Our present camp is pitched on a broad flat about two miles from the Norris Basin Inn. We left the Spinster at the Hotel, of course, and will meet her in the morning when we ride back to explore the Basin.

This is the warmest night we have had for some time, no doubt, because of the hot springs all about us. There are several steaming holes within a few yards of our camp and the Handy Man has just gone to get us some of the hot water for baths. This is the last night we will have that good, obliging friend with us, for he leaves tomorrow when we get to the Western Entrance road.

This has been a most delightful day and I do not feel in the least tired, but must get ready for my bath before the water cools. The surprising thing about this hot water is

that it is so delightfully soft. Our Guide says that if he could move one of these little hot springs and the Apollinaris Spring down to Lander he'd build a sanitarium and his fortune would be made.

But now for the refreshing bath and then happy dreams.  
Vi.

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Great Fountain Camp, Wed., Aug. 21.

We were enveloped in a thick mist when we got up this morning, which did not vanish until nine o'clock. We then rode over to explore the Basin, which was named for Colonel Norris while he was superintendent of the Park from 1877 to 1882. This large area is literally dotted with steaming holes, boiling pools and geysers. The view one gets from the Hotel piazza is a very desolate one, and one must follow the path marked by loose planks over the dreary white waste and get close to the active little basins to really enjoy them.

Close to the road is the Congress Pool, a large boiling spring which throws water and mud with great violence. The Ex-dyspeptic said this pool must have been named in honor of some of the mud slinging sessions of Congress which were held before the Bull Moosers split off and organized.

The Mud Geysers of this Basin are not nearly so interesting as the Mud Volcano we saw over at our General Howard Camp.

The Minute Man was the busiest and most regular geyser we saw in the Norris Basin and the Constant played the highest. It seemed to us that it played fully seventy feet into the air, but the table in the guides gives only twenty feet as its average height in 1911. Our Guide saw both the Valentine and the Monarch play last year; they play the highest of any of the geysers in this Basin.

The most interesting thing in this vicinity for me is the Black Growler. It certainly is a noisy fellow, roars constantly and emits great volumes of steam from its black crater. We wanted to wait to see the Monarch play, but our

Guide said it would not pay to wait, since we would see greater geysers in the Old Faithful Basin.

On our way back to camp we passed a basin of hot water called the Bath Tub, and saw the Emerald Pool. We also saw the newest geyser of this basin, the New Crater. It broke out through the crust in 1891 with a great commotion quite like an earthquake. The waters do not play high from this geyser because they are held back by the rocks which cover the crater.

We went back to camp to hitch the horses to the wagon and buggy and found that our Handy Man's packhorse had strayed off. His owner was certain that he had not gone far and told us to go on and he would follow soon. It was quite fortunate for our Guide that the Handy Man was delayed, for a soldier from the Norris station was about to ride after our Guide to make him come back to clean camp. Our friend told the officious soldier that we had not left anything lying around and that the old paper and rags had been left by former occupants of the grounds, but he said it was our Guide's business never to leave refuse lying about, no matter who put it there, and he was about to ride off in a huff to compel Mr. Mack to return when our Handy Man agreed to pick up everything that was objectionable and to carry it over to a hollow place out of sight. We learned later that the reason the soldier was so particular about the camping grounds which were visible from the roads was because General Cobby and his son, a lieutenant in the Park, were soon to pass by and the soldiers are held responsible for the condition of the grounds in their respective districts.

The ride through Gibbon Canyon was magnificent. Its great rock walls, the steep wooded banks of the stream, and the great loose boulders make this Canyon one of the most picturesque in the Park. One small, but very interesting, feature in the Canyon and probably seldom noticed by the tourists in the fast stages, is the Chocolate Spring. It stands at the edge of the river, under the road; a chocolate colored



spring of rock, which is capped by a natural cup, from which bubbles the clear spring water. There is a similar brown cone on the opposite side of the river, more readily noticed from the road, but not nearly so pretty as the nearer one.

Beryl Spring, about fifteen feet in diameter, is the largest spring in the canyon. Its water hisses and bubbles with opalescent beauty when the sun shines upon it.

As we neared the end of the canyon we came upon Gibbon Falls, whose water tumbled in foaming sheets down a series of steep cascades. They make a beautiful picture, and Mand and I climbed half way down the bank to get our cameras focused on the prettiest view.

At Soda Spring Professor filled his bottle again, because the water of the spring is so much cooler than the other water in the vicinity, but it is not so delicious as the Apollinaris water.

Just before we reached the junction of the Fountain and the Yellowstone roads we stopped to lunch and to bid farewell to our dear camp companion, the Handy Man. Poor lad took his parting from Mand much harder than she took hers from him; we had not gone on two miles before she had taken her place beside the Ex-dyspeptic and was chatting as gaily as ever. I am really glad that her seeming fondness for our friend was not deep, because she is not the woman to make him happy for life.

The road we traveled this afternoon followed the Firehole River and snuggled up to a wall of rock which reflected the rays of the sun and made our ride hot and fatiguing. When we reached the Firehole Cascades I stood a long time watching them because I knew we were not to be treated to many more such sights.

The Sheridan troops are camped about a half mile from the Fountain Hotel in the lower Geyser Basin and a number of the soldiers were fishing along the Firehole River, but were meeting with very poor success. I should think the fish would be poor anyway because the water is so warm.

We pitched our camp about a half mile above that of the soldier camp and while they were seated on the ground in squads eating chunks of beef, beans and biscuits, we took some pictures of them. We stayed longer than we thought we did for when we neared our camp our Guide shouted, "Come and get it!" He had been obliged once more to get a meal without the help of his lady assistant. I am really ashamed and must not let this happen again. When I apologized he said: "Oh, I didn't miss you, our New York banker took your place and he's a capital hand at paring potatoes."



**Firehole Cascades.**

This is an ideal camping ground, plenty of good grass for the ponies and quantities of dry wood, but we shall not need a fire this warm night. The Sheridan soldiers say they have suffered intensely with cold at night because they did not carry a sufficient number of blankets. They are giving a band concert as I write and we can plainly hear every note from our camp.

We are too tired after our hot ride to enjoy conversation tonight and all are ready now to retire. Good night,

Violet.

## Camp Riverside Geyser, Thursday Noon.

The mist was so heavy this morning that water dropped from the tent corners like rain.

We did not spend much time exploring the Lower Basin because the formations and geysers are so much like those we saw in the Norris Basin and everyone was anxious to reach Old Faithful; the Spinster and Mand to be able to lunch in the famous Old Faithful Inn, and the rest of us to have a full half day for exploring the Basin.

There are six hundred ninety-three catalogued hot springs and seventeen geysers in the Lower Basin, which has an area



The Sheridan Soldiers camped not far from Fountain Hotel.

of thirty square miles. The most interesting group of geysers is located near the Fountain Hotel. (By the way, none of us received any mail here. The Spinster dined and lodged at the hotel last night, of course.)

The Fountain Geyser has a very attractive crater containing masses of geyserite which can be plainly seen through the transparent water. The pool which receives the overflow when the Geyser plays also contains the geyserite.

We were disappointed in not seeing the Great Fountain play. When one of the stage drivers said it had not played for seventeen hours and no one had any idea when it would play again we decided it would not pay us to wait. The maximum height of this geyser is one hundred feet, but we expect to see some play higher than that in the Old Faithful basin.

The lettering on the signboards is so badly washed that we could not read the names of two interesting geysers which stood side by side and which played while we were standing near by. One of them spouted steam, followed by water, in



*"Gibbon Falls tumble in foaming sheets over a series of cascades."*

all directions from little holes in its peculiar mound, while the other played a narrow stream straight into the air.

The Mammoth Paint Pots are similar to those at the Thumb, but are larger and seem more noisy; the silicious clay keeps rising in globes, cones, and jets, which burst with a funny flop, flop.

Firehole Lake and Buffalo Spring are situated near the Great Fountain Geyser on a little spur of the main road about two miles south of the Fountain Hotel. There was no

sign post at the junction of the roads and we merely followed the branch road lest we'd miss seeing something worth while if we didn't. I do hope the proper official will soon have a lot of new sign boards placed for the pleasure and instruction of tourists who travel without a well informed Guide. Mr. Mack is above the average and yet it would help to refresh his memory to have legible signs.

The Midway Basin lies about three miles beyond the Fountain Hotel and few of the regular stage guides pause here. There is a tinted terrace here similar to the Mammoth Terrace, but very much smaller. I found it very interesting, however, and did not regret the short delay.

Hell's Half Acre, otherwise known as the Excelsior Geyser, has an immense basin, three hundred feet across, and is very deep. The water in this pit is a deep blue and is in constant motion, but one cannot get a glimpse of it until a breeze blows its thick blanket of steam to one side. The maximum height at which this geyser used to play was three hundred feet, but it ceased its activity in 1888.

For some distance west of this geyser there are a large number of hot springs and right in their midst is one lone cold water spring. We had heard of this cold spring and were determined to have a drink of its water, but as there was no sign board we were obliged to stick our fingers into a number of the hot water holes before we were able to find the one for which we were searching.

A silent pool of dark blue was labelled "Turquoise Spring" and the largest and most beautiful pool in this region is the Prismatic Lake. In places it looked as if the bed were filled with green sponges, then again there were golden yellow sponge-like masses; a part of the lake was bordered with a red tint, and the deeper part was a dark blue.

As we were leaving this interesting little area I noticed a pretty little rivulet flowing in a narrow red gully down to the river below. It was such a fascinating little stream that I stopped to photograph it, but of course the beauty of its

tinted bed will be lost in the picture. I wish the great Edison would hurry and perfect the contrivance for photographing colors; I want to use it the next time I visit the Yellowstone.

I was very glad that I wore my tinted glasses today for the reflection of the hot sun from the white deposit was very trying and both the Ex-dyspeptic and the Spinster suffered with headache, and rode in the wagon.

The Biscuit Basin is another place which the short time stage passes by. It is off the main road a few rods and our Guide and his two passengers did not stop here. I am glad



**"The biscuit-like knobs in Biscuit Basin are different from any other formation I have seen."**

that I rode in because the hundreds of biscuit like knobs in the formation are so different from anything else we have seen. The Artemesia Geyser gives one a view of its basin to a greater depth than any other geyser in the Park, I think.

With the sun nearly overhead the water bubbles looked like myriads of turquoises.

Jewel Geyser is another little beauty with its mossy bulbs of olive green. The Black Pearl has the oddest basin of all. It is studded with little black bead-like projections which look for all the world like black pearls. I am glad great numbers of tourists do not visit this little area for I fear they would soon rob the Black Pearl of its beauty. It is strictly against the Park rules to remove any of the incrustations, and yet selfish and heedless tourists are rapidly marring and ruining the beauty of many of the formations. They break off pieces thinking to carry them away for souvenirs, but as soon as they are exposed to the dry air they crumble and are of no use to anyone.

We met an elderly couple in Midway Basin who are great nature lovers. They came from Utah and are traveling through the Park in a single seated buggy which has the mess box fastened on in front and an oat bin behind. At night they spread their blankets on the ground and form a little tepee by throwing a tarpaulin over the tongue of their buggy. They sit on the tarp and the bedding when they travel. They have been caught out in rains and have been uncomfortable at night, but for all that they say they are having the time of their lives.

I believe I have seen the Morning Glory Spring pictured more often than any other one feature of the Park, unless it was the Grand Canyon, and I was very eager to see the real spring. Of course, as is usually the case when one has been for a long time anticipating something grand, I was a little disappointed in the Morning Glory. It is really not so beautiful in its coloring as some of the other springs and pools which we have seen, but its basin does resemble a morning glory in shape.

We reached the Upper Basin in ample time for the Spinster, Mand and the Ex-dyspeptic to lunch at the Old Faithful Inn. I was so dirty that I preferred to lunch in

camp. We pulled up the hill above the Riverside Geyser and turned the ponies out to graze and to rest, but when our Guide investigated he found that the grass was fed off and decided to go farther for our night camp, later.

I felt well rewarded for staying to lunch in camp when the Riverside Geyser played. It throws a stream about one hundred feet into the air and plays only every seven hours.

I have written to this point in today's letter while resting after lunch and now I must stop and do the Basin.

#### Vi.

P. S. While the Brooklynite is saddling our ponies I want to tell you, Mamsey, that I am going to spend the afternoon unchaperoned in his company. While I was putting my fountain pen into my saddle pouch he came to ask if I wouldn't let him play guide for me as he had done in the canyon. The Navajo incident came into my mind and I hesitated to reply, but it is awfully hard to brand him as a thief when I look into those big, honest looking eyes of his. When I did not reply he said, "Miss Chester, you have shown me very plainly of late that you either do not enjoy my company or else that I have done something to displease you. Won't you be frank with me and tell me which it is so that I can defend myself if it is the latter?" You know, Mother, that blunt candor is one of my faults and so I said, "Mr. Abbott, I do enjoy seeing the beauties of nature with you better than with any other member of our party because we seem to enjoy such things in the same way, but there is—well, I'll answer the other part of your question some other time, and now, since none of the rest of the party are going to explore any part of the Basin except that which is in the immediate vicinity of the Hotel, I'll be selfish enough to accept you as guide for the afternoon."

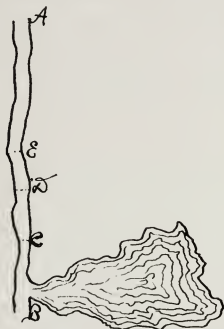
"I am sorry it cannot be because of a mutual pleasure in each other's company," he replied, "but I shall be grateful for your company, at least."



Lone Star Camp, Friday, Aug. 23, 1912.

I was too tired last night to write, so will scribble now, while the men are taking the tents down and preparing to move.

The Brooklynite and I certainly had a strenuous afternoon yesterday, but we enjoyed the time we spent looking at the queer and beautiful freaks of nature very much. Strange how I could so completely forget my unhappy misgivings about the bank cashier.



Before we started out I asked him to explain the action of geysers to me. It puzzled me to know just why and how the water was forced up periodically. The Brooklynite took a card and pencil from his pocket and said, "In the first place you must keep in mind the fact that pressure in water increases with depth and also that the boiling point rises with the increase in pressure." Then he made a little drawing, similar to the one I have made here and said, "Now then, let A B represent the geyser

tube and let the tube be filled with water that is furnished to it from the higher strata of land and let it be heated by the buried masses of lava which have not yet cooled. Let the water in the tube be heated at two different points, first at C and then at D. The water at C begins to boil, the superincumbent column is consequently raised and the stratum of water which was on the point of boiling at D being raised to E is there subjected to a diminished

pressure, a sudden evolution of steam accordingly takes place at E and the superincumbent water is violently ejected.

"Then it is cooled in the Basin at A and this air-cooled water sinks back into the tube again and lowers the temperature of the entire column, but the under strata, being least affected, the boiling begins again at C and the same thing happens all over again.

"Any hot spring which deposits siliceous material by evaporation can gradually build up a tube and may in time become a geyser."

"But why do we see so many extinct geysers?" I asked. "Every geyser which continues to deposit siliceous material is preparing for its own funeral," the Brooklynite replied. "As soon as the tube becomes deep enough to contain a column of water heavy enough to prevent the lower strata attaining the boiling point the whole mechanism is deranged and, you see, it cannot play any longer."

I had studied geyser action both in my class in geology and in physics, but I never fully understood the Bunsen theory before.

It would take more time than I can take for writing at this time to tell you all we saw yesterday and so I'll merely mention some of the places of especial interest as they come back into my mind.

First we climbed the White Pyramid to get a bird's eye view of the basin; a better view, however, can be had from the observatory on the roof of the hotel. Not far from the Pyramid is the Devil's Punch Bowl. It certainly does look like a big bowl standing about five feet above the general level and is about ten feet in diameter. It has a rim about eighteen inches thick. The clear sparkling water constantly overflows the bowl. There is a little opening in the east side of the mound which has the daintiest of linings, resembling satin. The Wylie Permanent Camp people have piped the



**Sponge Geyser.**



**Butterfly Spring.**



water from the Bowl to their camp at their Old Faithful quarters.

The Giant Geyser is in a busy neighborhood, three boiling cauldrons at its side being always noisily at work. The Giant cone is ten feet high and has one of its sides broken off. The old fellow has not played for nearly three weeks and a number of tourists are waiting over in the hope of seeing him do his big stunt. He ejects quite a column of water every few minutes and there is every indication that he will play at his best very soon, but he refused to do so while we were looking and so we missed seeing the highest geyser in the world send his column of water two hundred and fifty feet into the air.

The Giantess Geyser, which occupies the most prominent place on Geyser Hill, also refused to play for us, but we saw the Bee Hive, which was a great treat we should have been sorry to miss. The water ejected from its nozzle-like cone is so hot that it comes with a great roar and is converted into an immense column of steam and spray. A strange thing in connection with the Bee Hive is its indicator, a small fissure in the formation about ten feet from the cone of the geyser. This little indicator always plays just a few minutes ahead of the Bee Hive.

The Lion showed off for us, but the Lioness and her two Cubs were resting. The sinter formation around the Lioness has been almost ruined by souvenir fiends.

If one has a good imagination he can picture an old castle in ruins in the mound of Castle Geyser, but the cone of the Sponge Geyser interested me more. It looks for all the world like a big, porous sponge, both in form and color, and spouts water through a hole in the centre.

There are a number of beautiful pools in this basin, but they are quite a little distance to the right of the main geysers and none of our party, save the Brooklynite and I, went over to see them.

Emerald Pool, as its name suggests, is a beautiful green

pond and is quite large. Rainbow Pool has a variety of tints and is also very pretty. There was so much steam over Sunset Lake that I could not tell what it was like; and my! but it was hot standing on the white formation all around the pools.

The guide book says that a handkerchief placed in the funnel-like basin of Handkerchief Pool will be drawn down and out of sight by convection of currents in the water, and in a few minutes will reappear. We put my handkerchief into the basin near the edge as directed, but it stayed where we put it. Then we tossed it into the centre and a tourist poked at it with his cane but it would not sink. My companion laughingly said I had exerted my power of mesmerism over the handkerchief and that it was loath to leave me even for a few minutes.

There is a peculiar little geyser near the Lion group which I forgot to mention. It is called the Devil's Ear and really, Mother, it is a wonderful likeness of a big ear raised slightly from the ground, with its lobe pierced by a tiny geyser. My companion remarked that we could get some idea of the Devil's size when we measure the distance from his thumb at Mammoth Springs to his ear at Old Faithful.

I felt like shaking an elderly lady who, when the Hotel Guide turned his back, broke a piece of the crust from the Ear. If many tourists do the same it will not be long till that odd freak is ruined.

We worked hard and fast and a few minutes before four we were ready to give our attention to the Old Faithful Geyser. This geyser is situated but a few rods from the Inn. Its external formation is a mound of a whitish material composed mainly of silica and water, called geyserite. The mound's greatest diameter at its base is two hundred fifteen feet, and fifty-four feet at the top. It is made up of layers of the deposit. The layers form basins which are very pretty with their azure pools and their pink, white or gray bot-

toms. The chimney head of the geyser tube forms a basin five feet deep.

The eruptions begin with some preliminary spurts which grow gradually more powerful for three or four minutes and are followed by great jets in rapid succession. They soon attain a height of from one hundred twenty-five to one hundred fifty feet, and play at that height two or three minutes. As the name, Old Faithful, suggests, the eruptions are very regular, coming about every sixty-five minutes.

A dear old man, whose face beamed with goodness and cheer, stood near me while the Old Faithful played and tried



"Old Faithful Geyser plays at a height of one hundred twenty-five feet."

to take a picture of the famous geyser in action. He was using a kodak for the first time and his hand shook so with excitement that I fear his picture will not be a success. It is difficult at best to get a clear picture of a geyser. We were both eager to make several exposures, but dared not do so

as we were using our last roll of films and were told that there is not a cartridge of the Eastman 3A films left in the Park.

After the Old Faithful finished its exhibition we visited the Haynes Picture Shop to see Old Faithful Junior, a miniature mechanical geyser, placed there by the publisher of the Haynes Official Guide to demonstrate Bunsen's geyser theory; but that artificial geyser was on a strike and would not demonstrate.

Maud and the Ex-dyspeptic were in the shop purchasing pictures and the latter presented me with a little water color which I admired. Next we visited the general store, where



Taken from roof of Old Faithful Inn.

the Brooklynite bought a spoon for his mother and one just like it which he begged me to accept for you, Mamsey dear. It was such a beauty that I wanted you to have it and so I took it for you. I hope you will think I did right. Now Sis can have the cheaper one I purchased for you.



Mamie and the Spinster were anxious to remain at the Inn to dine and to see the searchlight thrown on Old Faithful later when it played. The Spinster very graciously invited the entire party to dine at her expense, but our Guide said he and Professor would have to start out at once in search of a suitable camping ground, and Mrs. White and I were so tired and dirty that we preferred to go to camp as soon as possible to rest.

It was finally arranged that the Ex-dyspeptic stay with the ladies to escort them back to camp, but we went so much farther to find a suitable camp than our Guide had thought



"The Old Faithful Inn is a unique log structure."

necessary that he, poor man, was obliged to go back to the hotel late in the evening for the three who had remained there.

I see that the tents are packed and everyone ready to leave, but I want to tell you something about the Hotel and also to describe this beautiful camp to you, Mother, so I am going to continue writing a while longer. My pony can easily overtake the party.

The Old Faithful Inn is not so grand in its appointments as the Hotel in Grand Canyon, but it is more interesting to the average tourist because it is so very unique. It is an

immense log structure built at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars. The centre is eight stories high and is surmounted by a lookout. Huge rough blocks of stone form the foundation and the long slope of the roof is dotted with gabled windows. Everything in the construction is left as far as possible in its natural state. Massive logs taper to each ascending balcony, the steps are split logs, braced timbers support the roof, and elbows of natural branches are used as braces and framework. The quaint old locks and hinges were forged by hand and there are big old fashioned door latches in place of knobs. The great chimney containing four large and four small fire places is made of lava blocks. There is another chimney in the dining room with an old fashioned spit and oven. The windows contain little diamond shaped panes and are curtained with odd French curtains. It is really worth coming a long distance just to see the quaint log structure.

I am tired of writing and shall leave the description of this beautiful camp for another letter. I see I do not have to ride alone till I overtake our party, for the Brooklynite has been sitting up near the Lone Star Geyser all the while I have been writing. I did not know it until I was about to put my pen away. He just remarked that I must be a very unselfish daughter to write such long letters to my mother, but he doesn't know that it is really selfishness in me because I could not enjoy this delightful sight seeing so much if I thought I could not share at least a part of the pleasure with my dear mother.

Violet.

P. S. I neglected to mention the Kepler Cascades which we passed on our way from the Old Faithful. I want to tell you about them because it was too late to photograph them. The water flows from shelf to shelf for quite a distance and forms the most enchanting little cascades I have seen in the Park.

## Cold Springs Camp, Friday.

When the Brooklynite and I left the Lone Star Camp the morning air was delicious and we traveled at such an easy gait that we did not overtake the rest of the party until nearly noon.

We rode along in silence for a few minutes, each apparently in deep thought, then my companion broke the silence. "Little girl," he said kindly, "won't you tell me what I have done to offend you?" Mother mine, you will laugh at your simpleton daughter when I tell you that I blurted out all that was on my mind about that expensive Navajo. I told him that I never accepted costly gifts from men and then I foolishly preached to him about what such extravagances lead a young man to do and how it would break his mother's heart to discover that he was dishonest. I did not look at him while I was preaching; I did not have the heart to, and I imagined he had turned pale because his duplicity had been discovered. You can imagine my surprise when he began to laugh long and heartily. "How much do I earn a month?" he asked. That simple question made me see for the first time how very bold and impertinent I had been and I colored painfully. He changed his manner at once and said, "Poor little Puritan, forgive me for treating a matter which has caused you pain lightly. I am so happy to discover that your grievance against me is only a misunderstanding which I can explain away in a few words."

Then, Mother mine, what do you think he told me? He is not a bank cashier at all and was only temporarily filling the regular cashier's place the afternoon that our Guide called at the bank because the cashier was suddenly taken with an illness. He told me that he is the vice president of the bank of which he is a very large share holder; he has also an interest in one of the largest woolen mills of the New England states and owns some city real estate. So our ordinary bank cashier is suddenly transformed into a very wealthy man, to whom the cost of a little Navajo rug means no more than

a box of candy does to a school teacher like me. For a moment I was so astonished and so ashamed that I could not say a word, then the humor of it all struck me and I laughed, and gave myself up to the joy of living once more and of seeing the beauties of Nature, which seemed more beautiful than ever since the fear was lifted from my mind. The Brooklynite, too, seemed happier than I had seen him since our afternoon together in the Grand Canyon.

But I must go back and describe our last night's camp for you. It is off the main road, about two and a quarter miles from the Old Faithful Inn, and a stone's throw from the Lone Star Geyser. This geyser is visited only by tourists who have time to take the side trips. We are all glad we camped near the fine old Lone Star for we all enjoyed it more than any other geyser in the Park. In fact, we all feel a sort of affection for this lone geyser; he seems to sort of belong to us because there wasn't another human being within sight or sound and we had the lonesome beauty all to ourselves for so many hours. He seemed to have a similar affection for us, too, because, if the guide books are right in their descriptions, he never performed for other tourists as he did for us, especially when he gave us a farewell exhibition this morning.

His cone, the guide books claims, is his main attraction and it is pretty, standing about twelve feet above the main surroundings, with one large central opening and several small ones; but it is the way the geyser played that gave us the greatest pleasure.

His first exhibition, after we reached camp, was at 7:50 P. M. This was nothing out of the ordinary and of short duration; he must just have been trying us to see how appreciative we are. At nine a column of water and steam shot up suddenly from the large central tube vertically about seventy-five feet into the air and several smaller ones from the side openings in the cone. It played steadily a few minutes, died down a little, then started up with renewed vigor.

This performance was continued for fully twenty minutes, and the little rivulets, formed by the overflow, went racing down to the river.

We sat on the hill side close by to watch the geyser play and I chanced to sit in a little depression in the surface, but I did not remain there long, for it became unbearably warm. We investigated the hill slope then and discovered several sunken spots which were all hot while the geyser played, some much warmer than others.

This morning at six-thirty our fascinating geyser gave a short play and a half hour later it gave the finest exhibition



**The cone of the Lone Star Geyser has a central opening and several smaller openings at the side.**

of all. It shot its jet of water even higher than it did last night and played a full half hour, taking short rests, during which the water rose only about fifteen feet, then, in a moment, it regained its maximum height. As we looked at the playing water from our position facing the rising sun we saw a beautiful rainbow arching the sky.

Most geysers play at quite regular intervals, but while we were camping near the Lone Star it was very irregular. I think such a performance as it gave us this morning must be

very unusual, else few tourists would miss visiting the lonely geyser.

The ride this forenoon through the rugged Spring Gulch Canyon was glorious. The irregular walls, the narrow turbulent stream laughing with us, the rock needles pointing skyward, and the beautiful purple fringed gentians growing by the roadside, all together made a picture long to be remembered. The air was almost intoxicating and made me feel that after all the great world holds more joy than sorrow.

When at length we caught up with the rest of the party we found that they, too, had felt the exhilarating influence of the perfect morning and were animated and happy. During lunch, someone remarked that he had not seen our Ex-dyspeptic take any tablets for several days, and he replied, "The only kind of digestive tablet I need now is a piece of bread with a thick coating of jam and the bigger the pill the better it acts."

After lunch we climbed up steadily for ten miles and reached the top of the Continental Divide. I believe we crossed the Divide three times while in the Park, but the ascent is so gradual that we should not have known when we arrived at the top if it were not for the sign boards. I was a little disappointed in the Two Ocean Lake here at the summit. The name had led me to expect to see a pair of lakes with visible outlets; one flowing down toward the Atlantic, and the other in the opposite direction to the Pacific. What we did see was a silent, insignificant pond, with a narrow strip of earth and sod dividing it in the centre. The part on the Pacific side was covered with yellow pond lilies.

From the summit the road takes a sudden, but short, drop, then we pulled up a steep grade again for some distance.

The clear day gave us a good view of a part of Shoshone Lake and the snow covered Tetons, way off in the distance and Mt. Moran glistened in the sunlight like a great silver dome. The altitude from which we got the view is eight

thousand feet. Here, as in some other parts of the Park, we found that the figures on the sign boards do not tally with those given in the official circular of information.

We crossed the Divide again at an altitude of eight thousand, three hundred and forty-five feet, about three and a half miles from the Thumb. The slopes of the Divide in the Park are not dotted with springs and rivulets as is the eastern one of the Wind River Divide, nor are the grades so steep as on that slope.

We got back to the Thumb at two, rested a bit while our Guide bought bread and meat at the Lunch Station, then we began to retrace our road back to the Snake River Station. While at the Thumb we were told that since our first visit to this place a new geyser had broken out not far from the Thumb Soldier station which plays fully as high as the Old Faithful. If this is true the Thumb will no doubt become a more popular resort than it now is.

We are camped near Cold Springs, a distance of five miles from the Thumb. Some good camper left a quantity of wood, which will be a boon to our Guide, who misses our Handy Man greatly.

We decided not to mail our letters in the last two hotels, because we have an idea that the mail service is more prompt and reliable outside of the Park; will drop all our mail into the Moran Postoffice.

V. C.

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Snake River Camp, Aug. 24, 1912.

Wolves howled so last night that they kept us awake till nearly midnight and the Ex-dyspeptic got up and crawled into the wagon box.

The Park Superintendent must have heard complaints about the road between the Thumb and the Southern Entrance for we passed a few road scrapers today, but the drops from the bridges have not been improved.

Maud and the Spinster were in excellent spirits all afternoon because we are homeward bound while I, on the other

hand, felt somewhat depressed because we were leaving the wonderful National Park. Soon the new friends whom I have come to know so well in a few weeks' time, by constant companionship, will pass out of my life and probably I shall never meet some of them again.

When we reached the path which leads to the Moose Falls the rest of the party passed right on, but I stopped to take the last look at the first attraction of the Yellowstone Park for tourists coming, as we had, into the Southern Entrance.

Just before we reached the Soldier Station, Mand asked our Guide if we were to camp near by. He replied that it was still early in the day and it would be wiser to go right on till we reached our old camping place near the Snake River and, by so doing, we would be able to get to Sheffield Lodge



"Our guns were returned at the Snake River Soldier Station."

at Jackson Lake tomorrow for lunch. That was enough for the Spinster; the mere mention of a hotel made her eager to go on; in short, everyone voted to go farther, excepting Mand and myself.

The soldiers had kept track of the whereabouts of the Red Sweater bunch, as they called us, and were ready for our coming. I wish, Mother, you could have seen the immense



pyramid of dry branches they had built up for our camp fire. The hollow space in the centre was filled with pine twigs and needles; I can imagine how pretty the fire would have been and how delicious the fragrance of the burning pine needles. Everything about the camp was as neat as wax and showed how hard the boys had worked for our pleasure. To say they were disappointed is putting it mildly and if Maud and I had dared we certainly would have remained behind just to show the boys how we appreciated their efforts for our comfort. I think it was positively heartless of the rest of the party not to be willing to sacrifice a few hours to help give these poor, homesick soldiers a little pleasure.

We traveled twenty-eight miles today and reached our old camp at six-thirty. Maud and I are cross tonight and are going to bed early.

Vi.

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Camp Jackson Lake, Sunday.

The morning was so fine that Maud and I soon forgot our grievance and gave ourselves up to the pleasure of the pretty ride along the Snake River. They had had more rain in that vicinity than we had in the Park and the roads are very heavy with here and there a bad mud hole. Our Guide's wagon got mired in one of the holes and the Government Engineer who was in charge of the Jackson Lake Dam pulled the wagon out with his mules.

Maud chose to ride with the Brooklynite when we started out, Mrs. White, who is strong enough now to ride a part of each day, was the Spiuster's companion, and the Ex-dyspeptic rode at my side. He said some very complimentary things and asked permission to write to me when he goes back East. I replied that I supposed we would all exchange a few letters so as to compare and trade photographs. "But, my dear Miss Violet," he said, "I was not thinking of that sort of correspondence; I—I hoped our letters would continue until they developed a bond between us that should become, ah, more lasting than a mere friendship, don't you know." For-

tunately, I was spared the necessity of making a reply by a shout from Maud, who wanted to get her kodak from the Ex-dyspeptic's saddle pouch.

Had I been an artist I should certainly have stopped long enough to sketch the Tetons as they were reflected in the clear water of the Snake River. A pretty little wooded island, and a flock of ducks swimming near the bank completed the picture. There chanced to be a stretch of good road just where the landscape was the most charming and the others spurred their ponies to make up for lost time so as to reach the Lodge in time for lunch. I wanted to enjoy the pretty picture and fell back and stood for a few moments with my elbow resting on my saddle horn and my chin in my hand, while I drank in the beauties of the scene.



Snake River Below the Dam at Jackson Lake.

When I reached into my saddle pocket for my camera I noticed that the Brooklynite had also paused a few rods up the road to enjoy the landscape. After I had photographed the grand Tetons with their reflected image he rode back to where I stood and said, "I have a more complete photograph of this pretty picture than you have, little Violet of the Pines." (He called me that once before; I wonder why I remind him of the pines.) "Yes," he continued, "mine is more complete because it is taken from a bend in the road and contains the photograph of a little Puritan maid astride a beautiful pony, but

no one looking at that photograph, save myself, will be able to see the soul of that girl reflected in a pair of beautiful violet eyes as they feast on one of her Creator's great paintings."

"Is it not strange," I replied, "how on a perfect day, when the air is exhilarating and the scenery grand, everything seems touched by a magic wand? Even a very ordinary school teacher in a disgracefully dirty frock causes an optical delusion." Then I added, "I am tired of poking along so slowly. Let's see who has the swifter steed."

Such a jolly race! My black beauty enjoyed the run in the delicious air as much as I and left the Brooklynite behind in short time. When I came to a muddy place in the road I reined my pony in and dismounted to coil my hair, which was tumbling about my shoulders. You know, Mother, how that peculiar gold tint shows up in my dark hair when the sun shines on it; well, I was standing by my pony's head shaking out the remaining pins when the Brooklynite rode up, and when I began to twist my hair, he cried, "Stop that!" and jumped from his pony. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Merely this," he said, as he drew my hands down and shook my hair. "The magic wand is at work again and I want to enjoy this new picture a moment. It is positively wicked in one who has such a wealth of hair to coil it up as tightly as you do." I coiled my hair tighter than ever and hurried to join the rest of the party.

By that time we were traveling over a most peculiar looking country. The road was covered with gravel and on all sides the ground was strewn with pebbles and round stones. It looked just like the bed of a dried up lake and extended for two miles. There are two or three clumps of old trees; very, very old they must be for their trunks are split and the little remaining bark hangs in shreds. The seeds of these old trees must have been brought here by water in some early period, for they are very different from the trees which are native to this district.

We passed some friends of Professor and Mrs. White; they, too, were returning from the Park. They said that they were so disgusted with the cold, damp weather and so disappointed in what they saw that they went only half around the regular circuit. I could not help thinking of that pet expression of yours, Mother, "This world is as you make it and reflects back to you your own nature." Professor said, "That man would not have a good time if he were traveling in the greatest comfort and luxury; he's a chronic growler." I shall certainly never advise anyone like that to take a camping out trip to Yellowstone Park.

We reached the Teton Lodge Hotel at two o'clock and our Guide said it was his turn to treat to dinner. He asked Mr. Sheffield how much he would charge for dinner for our party and that gentleman replied, "Well, if you want to eat in the regular dining room, it will cost you seventy-five cents a plate, but if you are willing to sit with the roughnecks in the little room back of the postoffice it will only cost you thirty-five cents for exactly the same meal." I thought it would be a pity to make our Guide pay seventy-five cents a plate for so many and I said, "O, let's go to the little room back of the postoffice, it will be so much jollier than the conventional dining room." The Spinster said, "Camp assistants may eat with roughnecks if they choose, but I am not used to that sort of company." Mother mine, I wish you could have seen the Brooklynite's eyes snap fire. I didn't know he could get so angry; he actually turned pale as he said, "Of course, Miss Boyd, water always seeks its own level, but cream rises to the top. I wish you to understand that our little high-born aristocrat here rises far above the ordinary money-made plutocrat." Then, turning to our Guide he said, "With your permission, Mr. Mack, Miss Chester and I will dine in the smaller dining room." Then he turned to me and said, "Miss Chester, I, too, think it would be more fun to dine in the room back of the postoffice and should be happy if you will allow me to accompany you."

Of course, I felt awfully cut by the Spinster's remark, but I thought the Banker was much more severe than the occasion warranted. The affair made us all feel very uncomfortable and I feared that we would not be friends again, but the Spinster came to us right after dinner and made a very sweet apology and so we are happy once more. Our genial Guide rose to the occasion as he always does, and when the Brooklynite and I started to go to the smaller room, he turned to the rest and said, "Come on folks, we eat with the swell guys; no roughnecks for me."

We are camping on the hill again overlooking the Lake and have as neighbors two families of Mormons who have come all the way from Utah in wagons. There are three small children in the party and the poor mothers look all tired out. One of them asked me how far it is to the Park, and when I replied that it is twenty-five miles she sighed and said, "O my, it's been twenty-five miles for three days; I wish I hadn't a come." Really, Mother, I think children should be barred from the Park the same as dogs. Moving camp every day is too trying on both the children and their poor, tired mothers.

While we were at dinner the Brooklynite said to me, "It will be glorions on the Lake in the moonlight tonight. Put on some warm wraps and we'll slip away for a row at seven." I wanted that row so badly because—well, because I always do enjoy the Banker's company when I want to have a quiet good time and do not feel like listening to a lot of idle chatter, but, after that dinner experience, I did not feel that it would be quite right for us to go off by ourselves so soon again. My companion looked awfully hurt when I said I did not care to row unless some of the rest of the party accompanied us; of course he could not understand my reason and I did not try to enlighten him.

But we had a most delightful two hours on the Lake after all, for Professor hired Mr. Sheffield to take us all out in the launch. Moonlight on Jackson Lake with the three majestic Teton Peaks keeping guard! It was grand. Maud began a

song and soon we all joined her except the Brooklynite. It did not seem complete without his fine tenor and he looked so down hearted that I left my place next to the Ex-dyspeptic and sat beside the gloomy banker. "Are you ill?" I inquired. "You are so quiet tonight." "No," he answered, "I think I never felt better, physically, than I do tonight." "Then why don't you sing?" I asked. "It doesn't sound right without your tenor." "I didn't suppose you'd miss it," he said. "I did not suppose it would make any difference." "Of course it makes a difference," I answered. "I am such a ridiculously sensitive creature that I cannot be perfectly happy unless everyone else around me is happy." "Then stay here by my side," he replied, "and the song will come back into my heart."

Isn't he the queerest man, Mother? Just like a big, spoiled boy, and do you know, Mamsey, I keep constantly comparing him with Clyde; I just can't help it. Whenever he does anything for any of us that shows any marked degree of thoughtfulness, I say to myself, "Now, Clyde would not have done that; he would mean to, but he would not think of it. When he stops to examine a ledge of rock or a peculiar formation I always think how Clyde said to me one time, years ago, when I asked some question for information, "Dear me, Vi., can't you ever enjoy the beauty of a thing without wanting to know the why of it?" But dear old Clyde would have flared up and championed me just as the Brooklynite did this afternoon if he had been here.

That reminds me, the only letter for me here at Moran was from Clyde. It was in reply to my answer to his remark that our marriage would be hastened because of his promotion. His letter is short and frosty and closes in this way: "When a girl is not made happy by a proposal of marriage there is but one explanation and that is that there is someone else. I have been suspecting for some time that one of those Westerners was casting me into the shadow. Your letters have been gradually growing colder and farther apart for several months. If there is someone else all you have to do is

to say so. Of course, as you say, we have never been formally engaged, but what is the use of a formal engagement when our ultimate marriage has always been taken for granted by both families?"

Clyde is mistaken when he says there has been someone else for several months, but I realize now as never before that I do not love him enough to marry him. Isn't it strange that I never fully appreciated that fact before?

We will mail our letters here before we leave in the morning. If we take the longer way back to Lander I will send you mail from the town of Jackson next. Vi.

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Sheffield Lodge, Mouday, Aug. 26.

Just a line, Mother, dear, to let you know that we are not going home the long way through the Hoback country after all, and you need not send any more mail to any of the postal stations I mentioned in my list, but address me next at Lander.

The Brooklynite and I were bitterly disappointed when our Guide learned that the recent heavy rains have made the roads around that way almost impassable. We could get through all right on horseback, but our heavy wagon would be sure to get mired. I did want to see the rough mountain scenery of that region so badly and the Brooklynite wanted to hunt elk. We shall probably be on the Reservation now, when the hunting season begins. The Ex-dyspeptic is not so disappointed as we are, because the telegram received in the Park told of a business meeting which he is anxious to attend. Maud and the Spinster are more than pleased as they are both getting a bit homesick. The Banker declares that he will come out to hunt next year.

We shall probably arrive in Lander on the second; that will give me a whole week in which to rest before school opens.

Do not look for a letter for several days; till then, good bye.

Lovingly,  
Violet.

P. S. I shall rent rooms next week, Mother, so that you can come to Lander as soon as Sis goes to Vassar. Vi.



The Red Pass road follows close to the river.

Brook's Lake Camp, Wed., Aug. 28.

Before leaving Jackson Lake the men of our party caught enough large trout to give us two good meals and we succeeded in getting bread and butter, but our poor ponies are going on half rations. We could not get any oats at the Lodge nor at Allen's store, nor at any of the ranch houses we have passed. I would much rather have our cry be for bread as it was when we came up, because I could bake biscuits to satisfy hunger, but there is nothing to take the place of oats for our ponies. We have been obliged to make long stops through the day to give them opportunity to fill up on grass.

One of our stops was near a little cabin belonging to a pioneer trapper. He is an interesting old man, seventy or more, and he lives all alone with not a neighbor in sight. We asked him if he does not get lonely and he replied, "How can I get lonesome with such a large family." Then he pointed to his faithful old shepherd dog and to a little group of donkeys.



"Did you notice the baby?" he asked. We had noticed the cunning little black one in such contrast to his mouse colored



Red Pass—Looking Toward River.

mother with black markings. I took a picture of the interesting group and made the old man happy when I promised to send him a print if the picture is a success.

So far, we have camped in the same places as we did when we came up from Lander. The first night out from Jackson Lake it began to rain just after the tents were pitched and we had to prepare dinner wearing our rain coats.

In the Black Rock Valley we saw a band of elk up on the mountain side, but dared not shoot them because the season does not open till Sunday. Hunters from all parts of Wyoming as well as from other states, are already driving into this valley and over to the Ram's Horn country to locate their game.

Each man who has a license has the privilege of shooting two elk, two deer and one male mountain sheep, from September 1 to November 30. The hunters are all anxious to capture the male elk because of the horns and the two valuable teeth to be had from each head.

There are tricks in hunting as there are in other lines of business and pleasure. Some hunters carry a quantity of salt and get a camp established long before the season opens; they follow a deer or an elk trail till it leads to water, near which the salt is scattered for the purpose of alluring the game repeatedly to the spot until the first of September, and then the hunter is practically sure of his prize. Of course the



"The wagon rolled from side to side in the dangerous ford."

hunters are not always successful in locating their game, and some seasons when the weather remains mild and the snow does not cover the grass the elk and deer remain way up in the mountains and the hunter is not able to find their trail until late in the season. At other times the game seem restless and wander so that it is difficult to keep the trail. I certainly would enjoy the sport were it not for taking the lives of the poor, pretty creatures.

The snow bank, where we picked the forget-me-nots on our way up, has entirely disappeared, and the flowers which were so brilliant along the road are beginning to show the effect of frost. They have not turned black nor have they drooped, but they look rusty. The great beds of scarlet col-

umbine look especially faded, and I have not seen any of the delicate white ones on our return trip.

At the foot of the last steep hill, just before we reached our Brook's Lake camping ground, we came upon an overturned wagon lying by the side of the road, and various cooking utensils and other articles useful in camp were scattered over the ground. "Someone has had a runaway down that steep pitch," said our Guide. I examined the rubbish near the wagon in the hope of getting some clue as to the identity of the victim of the accident and found a badge of the Woodmen of the World of Oklahoma City and a fragment of a letter which read, "Wynona, Oklahoma, July 11, 1912. Dear Brother:" Another fragment gave the information that the writer was on his way West. The name of the new home to which he was about to go was lost. We decided that the brother receiving the letter had decided that he would join his brother and was on his way overland when the accident took place. When we reached the camp above the scene of the runaway we found a newly built corral and evidences that the mover was taking his cattle and family with him. I do wish we might have learned how serious the accident was, but there is not a person within several miles of our camp; at least we have not seen or heard anyone since leaving the Black Rock Valley.

It was only four o'clock when we arrived in camp so I washed some towels and other things and am slowly drying them now by the camp fire. None of the men can build anything equal to the Handy Man's fires and we all miss him.

The Brooklynite suggested that we stop over a day to fish, but the Spinster made such a fuss that our Guide decided to move on toward home in the morning. I hope the day will be bright when we come to the beautiful Red Pass so I can get a good picture of it. I shall have to borrow a roll of films, though, for I haven't any left.

I must turn my washing, so good bye.

Lander, Sept. 2, 1912.

My Dear Mother and the Rest at Uncle Harold's:—

Here I am in Lander once more and my jolly six weeks on horseback is ended. Those certainly were happy days and the scenery will stay in my memory for years. Even the Spinster admits, now that she is living in a hotel again, that we were a very congenial party and she would not have missed going to the Park on a camping trip for a good deal. "Just think," she said, "What novel experiences I'll have to tell my friends in Boston."

Our trip from Brook's Lake was uneventful with one exception and that was quite an exciting experience which took place not far from the hill where Professor's buggy met with its accident. Mr. Mack had planned to cross the Big Wind River to Spede Stagner's ranch in the hope of getting oats for our hungry ponies, but when we reached the landing we found that the ferry could not be used because there was not water sufficient to bring the ferry near enough to shore to permit them loading the wagon upon it. Our Guide said, "Well, if the water is that low we can ford the river; there is a fine place to camp on the other side." Professor remarked that he had heard that the river is never safe for crossing at that point and advised our Guide not to make the attempt, but he replied that he would try it anyway, and that the rest of us might wait until he was safely across. The Spinster had been riding in the wagon and remained where she was because she wanted to get a glass of milk at the ranch house.

Our Guide had gone only a few rods when he reached deep water. The angry stream foamed and tossed and washed the water into the wagon box; the circus horse became excited and threatened to turn a back somersault, then he lunged forward suddenly and the axle ground on the top of a high rock. There the wagon hung, rolling from side to side with the action of the strong current and threatening to capsize at any moment. We who were watching from the bank held our

breath and one, at least, breathed a prayer for Divine help.

The Spinster says she never saw such a cool, level headed man before as our Guide was while they were hanging in that perilous position. When she began to scream he said, calmly, "Miss Boyd, crawl back to that pile of bedding and keep perfectly calm." When they struck the rock he remarked, quite coolly, "Blame that fool horse." Then he sat still and waited till the excited animal became calm. Then he gave him a sharp cut with the whip and they were off the rock and once more battling with the strong current. They reached the other side in safety, but it is needless to tell that the rest of us were content to remain where we were, that is, all but Professor and the Brooklynite, who insisted upon going over horseback to lead the team while our Guide recrossed the river.

The Spinster would not risk her life again in the wagon, so the ranch owner brought her across in the suspended passenger ferry. The only way in which she could get from the ground to the ferry was to climb on some spikes driven into a pole. The spikes were so far apart that she made great work of the climb and afforded amusement for the entire party. We expected to see a very hysterical female when the Spinster was at last safely landed and were surprised to see her laughing. "Won't it be jolly to tell my friends about that narrow escape and the funny ferry ride?" she asked. "I do hope you girls took my picture."

Our Guide said he felt well repaid for the wet ride because Spede sold him a sack of oats.

We spent the night on the safe side of that mad river in a little grove of trees down in a hollow and were very glad to have shelter from the cold wind blowing along the stream which was appropriately named by the Indians.

I forgot to tell you that I have tasted sage chicken at last; a flock of them came within range of the Brooklynite's gun and we had quite a feast. I had expected them to taste very

strongly of sage, but they tasted quite like the ordinary prairie chicken.

Professor and Mrs. White will give our entire party a farewell "Come and get it" in the morning, and immediately after the breakfast our three Eastern friends and Mand will board the train for their respective homes. I must write "Finis" to my diary letters now and I hope they have given you all some idea of the delightful vacation I have had and the beauties of nature which it was my good fortune to see. The enclosed chapter, which is marked "Mother" is for her eyes alone. I do not wish anyone else to read it, but she may tell Sis and Grandmother what it is about.

Yours lovingly,  
Violet Chester.

P. S. Have come to my room to prepare for bed and will add a line before I seal this letter.

The Ex-dyspeptic called this evening. He said he had come to say good bye when he could have me all to myself, but he didn't get the opportunity after all, for the Brooklynite came in a little later and outstayed him. Vi.

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Dubois, Wyoming, Aug. 29, 1912.

My Darling Mother:—

Maud and the Spinster are both sound asleep. I purposely waited for them to get into the Land of Nod before beginning this personal chapter, which will be written for no eyes in all the world but those of my own dear confidante. Can you guess the secret I am about to disclose, Mother mine?

We arrived in Dubois shortly after four, so we ladies put on our good skirts and white waists and started up town. We were about to enter the store when the Brooklynite joined us. After chatting a little while he said, "Ladies, while you are doing your shopping I want to show this nature lover something up the street." Then he turned to me and asked, "Will you spare me a few minutes?"

I supposed he had discovered some bit of natural beauty

which I would enjoy and started out with him. He took me up to where the quaint little log church stands and we stopped to look into the window, but could not see the interior plainly. "Let's try the door," my companion suggested. We did so and found it unlocked. We entered and found it to be a very plain interior with crudely calcimined walls, and rough pine floor. We walked down the aisle together and stood for a moment in front of the little altar, each lost in his own thoughts. I was mentally comparing this unadorned little house of worship with the elegant city churches I had attended, and the thought came to me that everyone worship-



"He took me to the quaint little log church."

ping here must be very sincere and devout and that the simple little ceremonies performed in this log church must be very sacred because so completely lacking in pomp and vain show.

I was so lost in my comparisons that I did not notice that my companion was looking down at me, reading, as it were, my inmost thoughts. Then my companion spoke. What he said and the way he said it are very sacred to me, Mother dear. I can tell you because I have always told you all my

heart secrets, but no one else, not even dear Sis, may read what follows.

My companion took both my hands in his and, looking down into my eyes, said fervently, "Violet, darling, I love you." It seemed as if I had been standing all my life in a shadow and now was suddenly flooded with a bright light. I thrilled with a strange new feeling; for a moment, a moment only, I felt dazed; then the meaning of it all came to me in a flash. This was love; the man was the one man I had ever loved. There was no doubt, no questioning in my mind this time. I felt overcome by the joy of it, closed my eyes and trembled violently.

"Don't be afraid, little girl," said my lover, touchingly, as he released my hands. "It was cruel of me to take you by surprise in this abrupt manner, but I couldn't help it; my heart was so full I simply had to speak." I conquered myself then and opened my eyes and he reached for my hands again and said softly, "But you will try to love me, won't you, little Violet of the Pines? Sometime in the future, when you have had time to know me better you will let me tell you again, will you not? I can wait, but O, the waiting will be so hard."

Then I raised my eyes to his and said, "But I do love you *now*, Orville." A look of such rapture came over his face and he took me in his arms and cried, "My darling, my wife!" Then he kissed my lips and after a moment he knelt down before the little altar and I knelt beside him while he breathed a little prayer that God would bless our union. And so, Mother darling, we were married, not in the eyes of the world, of course; that more formal ceremony will be performed publicly later, but we both felt when we rose from our knees that God had placed a more solemn seal upon our marriage than can ever be placed by any earthly minister when he pronounces us husband and wife.

You are not hurt, Mother darling, that we did not first ask your consent? It all came about so naturally, so unexpected-



ly, that I had no time to prepare you for what was soon to take place. How could I, when I was not prepared for it myself? But O, Mother, I am so happy, so very happy. Orville fastened the pretty cameo to my blouse and asked me to wear it until he can send the ring and then he wants me to give it to you. That cameo brooch is very precious to me, Mother, and it will be to you also.

Orville insisted that I resign my position at once and go home to prepare for a Thanksgiving wedding, but I do not think that would be fair to the school board and so I compromised by promising to give the Board notice and will teach until they find a suitable substitute.

I suppose it will not pay you now to come to Lander and so I'll just continue to board with Professor and Mrs. White until I leave.

Orville has a beautiful plan for us, Mother, and will stop on his way to see you and to tell you all about the handsome suburban home he has in view where you are to teach me how to manage the maids while Sis is at Vassar. Will it not seem strange to see this very ordinary school teacher acting the part of mistress in an elegant home of her very own? I have to put my finger on the cameo to convince myself that it isn't all a dream and that it is really the most happy climax to the most delightful vacation I ever spent.

Your most happy

Violet.

P. S. I asked Orville why he calls me "Violet of the Pines," and he replied that it was while I was standing under the pines in our Sheridan Camp, looking up into his eyes, that he first realized that he loved me and could never again be content until I became his wife.

